

LEGION

MAGAZINE



Rojas

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CUBA BETRAYED

Told by Castro's first Ambassador to Britain
SERGIO ROJAS SANTAMARINA

CASTRO ASTRIDE A TANK ENTERS HAVANA, JAN. 7, 1959



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**The Inside Story
of the
GETTYSBURG
ADDRESS**



SEE PAGE 14

**The Hobby
of
GUN
COLLECTING**






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LEGION

Magazine

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Editorial & Advertising Offices
720 Fifth Avenue
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Publisher, James F. O'Neil

Editor

Robert B. Pitkin

Art Editor

Al Marshall

Associate Editors

John Andreola

Roy Miller

James S. Swartz

Production Manager

Ralph Peluso

Copy Editor

Grail S. Hantford

Contributing Editor

Pete Martin

Circulation Manager

Dean B. Nelson

Indianapolis, Ind.

Advertising Director

Robert P. Redden

Midwestern Adv. Sales Office

Ray A. Jones

35 East Wacker Drive

Chicago, Ill. 60601

Washington Sales Office

Jack L. Spore

1608 K. St. N.W.

Washington, D.C. 20006

Publisher's Representatives

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Letters published do not necessarily express the policy of *The American Legion*. Keep letters short. Name and address must be furnished. Expressions of opinion and requests for personal services are appreciated, but they cannot be acknowledged or answered, due to lack of magazine staff for these purposes. Requests for personal services which may be legitimately asked of *The American Legion* should be made to your Post Service Officer or your state (Department) American Legion Hq. Send letters to the editor to: Letters, *The American Legion Magazine*, 720 5th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

THE MYSTERIOUS FLU

SIR: Mr. Woodbury's July article on the 1918 influenza epidemic was extremely informative. As a member of the Empyema Board at General Hospital #2, Fort McHenry, Md., I had to do autopsy work. At the period when the influenza epidemic was pandemic, over 90% of the people cultured showed hemolytic streptococcus growths in the upper respiratory tract. In the cases that were fatal, in most instances within 18 hours, many (respiratory tracts) were filled with hemolytic streptococcus organisms. In this location, the fatalities seemed to be caused by this organism superimposed on an initial virus invasion. Yet Dr. William Henry Welch wrote to me that his experience at Camp Devens was quite different, and there were very few streptococcus infections.

M. B. LEVIN, M.D.
Baltimore, Md.

If we may venture a lay interpretation, we think Dr. Levin is telling us that the influenza didn't seem to kill people at Fort McHenry, but laid them open to death from strep. Yet elsewhere this was not true, thus adding one more mystery to the great plague and its enormous fatality record. The answer to the question, "Does the flu kill by itself?" was different from place to place.

THE LABOR DEPT.

SIR: I am not in the habit of writing to magazines, but I have to make an exception in the case of Alan E. Adams' article, "Our Changing Job Problems," in the July *American Legion Magazine*. In giving the record of the U.S. Department of Labor and its various functions for 50 years—and especially that part dealing with the Veterans Employment Service since 1933—I believe that you have published one of the best explanations ever. In a phone conversation with Marshall Miller, Chief of our Service in Washington, he concurred fully.

DAMIS BOUCHARD
Veterans Employment
Representative
Concord, N. H.

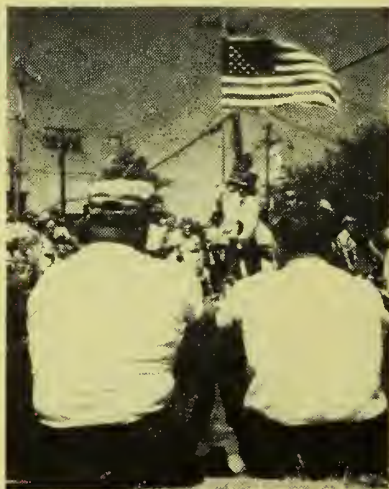
GENTLEMEN, THE FLAG!

SIR: Whatever happened to the good old American custom of taking one's

hat off when our country's flag passes in review?

W. F. GAINFORT
North Brunswick, N. J.

Photographer Gainfort's photos (below) speak for themselves.



VETS INSURANCE

SIR: I think your special editorial in August on the obstruction of the reopening of veterans insurance was

outstanding. I have read this and re-read it and it just made me have a choked up feeling to realize that a few would go so far to stop the reinstatement bill. How anyone could have that on their conscience is beyond me. I know that our great President John F. Kennedy would sign it, but he has to get the bill from Congress to sign it. Please continue your fight for passage of the insurance reinstatement.

JOHN E. PRENDERGAST
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: May I add my voice in agreement to your rightful protest in your editorial about reopening GI insurance to former servicemen. You mark well the feelings of the rank and file of the WWII servicemen. Here's hoping 1963 will see the correction of this unjust situation.

FRANK P. HICKLIAM
Clifton, N. J.

SIR: I just finished reading your splendid special editorial "The Strange Obstruction of Veterans Life Insurance." I am a WWI veteran who fortunately kept his insurance. But so many hundreds of thousands of WWII boys when they came out of service were not of mature mind to hold on to their insurance. Congress by all means should legislate at least granting the WWII boys the privilege for 1 year to pick it up if they wish. I am writing to my Congressman and Senators urging them to do just that.

MILTON L. RIGGS
Detroit, Mich.

SIR: As the wife of a WWII veteran who missed out on his GI Life Insurance, let me say thank you for the editorial "The Strange Obstruction of Veterans Life Insurance" in August. We were waiting for the chance to increase our insurance last year when we heard that the bill wasn't going to be passed, thanks to Reps. Teague and Ayres. If the chance comes again you may be sure my husband's application will be first on the list.

MRS. ROBERT ELLANI
Conshohocken, Pa.

SIR: The August issue strikes me as being the most important issue of all magazines that I have had the pleasure of reading in the last several years. Your organization is rendering an outstanding service in clearly presenting the important issues and problems facing us. I saw no mention of reprints. May we reprint, for use in our school, 100 copies of "The Human Side of Automation" and "The Strange Obstruction of Veterans Life Insurance"?

GLENN MADERE, Director
T. H. Harris Vocational-
Technical School
Opelousas, La.

You may.

SIR: Your August Newsletter mentioned evasive answers being received from Congressmen in connection with
(Continued on page 4)



stretch



run



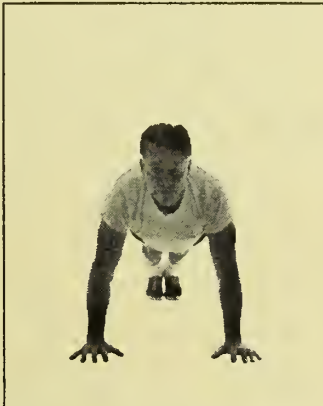
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CONTINUED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

legislation in behalf of veterans. On July 26, I wrote Congressman Robert A. Everett, of Tennessee, in whose subcommittee the House bill to re-open National Service Life Insurance for a year rests. I urged his support of the bill. He replied that "I'm sorry that I don't see this matter the way you do."

On August 2, I wrote again saying that it would help many of us to understand why the bill is encountering difficulty if we could know his reasons for opposing it.

To this I received the following answer which, except for the polite opening, is complete: "I am just against opening up this National Service Life Insurance for a period of one year."

In my opinion it is quite insufficient for him to state merely that he is "agin" any legislation. In all fairness it would seem that we are entitled to know his reasons for opposing the bill.

ALBERT O. KINGSLEY
Newburgh, N. Y.

sir: I'm a 77 year old WWI veteran, and have written my Congressman, Hale Boggs, specifically about our pension reform bill, HR1927. The answers are always noncommittal. I hope this bill comes up strong at our Convention.

REUBEN C. ARMSTRONG
New Orleans, La.

sir: My Congressman, Mr. John F. Baldwin, of the 14th District of California, in answer to an inquiry from me recently told me that he would support the Legion's pension reform bill, HR1927. I feel that if more Legionnaires would take time out to get a positive expression from their Congressmen, results would be obtained benefiting the veterans. This is my 45th year in The American Legion and I have the membership cards to prove it.

WILBURT STONE
Walnut Creek, Calif.

KEACH, KEECH, KEACHEY

sir: I am a retired WWI vet, and have made genealogy a hobby, which I recommend to all as a fascinating one. I would like to hear from persons named Keach, Keech, Keachey. Am seeking more info about my Keach ancestors.

HARRY J. BAKER
1412 W. Main
Crawfordsville, Ind.

Sharpen up your letter-opener.

WEBSTER'S CREED

sir: My father, C. Anson Goodhart, for gifts at Christmas had the Lord's Prayer printed on white silk and framed them and gave them to some

of his best customers (he was in photography) about 50 years ago. When I opened the August issue of our magazine, I was amazed at the beautiful way you presented An American, by Daniel Webster, on the inside front cover. I would like a couple of these printed on white rayon or nylon, and I feel that every school and library should have such copies, framed. If they were printed that way and offered for sale through our Americanism Committees, I believe they would do a world of good for our country.

WILBER E. GOODHART
Shippensburg, Pa.

sir: The Daniel Webster feature should be elegantly framed and in a prominent place in every home. In relation to his duties, Mr. Webster said: "I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me with absolute disregard of personal consequences." How many of our public officials would pass that test? Let the real statesmen stand up!

BEN MEDOFKY
Portland, Ore.

sir: I am 16 and read my father's *The American Legion Magazine*. I am very much interested in politics and government and particularly enjoy your monthly Washington Pro and Con feature. We have formed a political action study group and would like to use Pro and Con each month. I would also like copies of the color page on Daniel Webster in the August issue for each member of our group. It was certainly a most appropriate and very moving piece.

MICHAEL E. CUNNINGHAM
Millis, Mass.

sir: I'd like to share with your readers a cartoon caption that one of our Texas newspapers published. It said: "Stop worrying! They're still 90 miles away."

ELECTRA PEARSON
Ranger, Tex.

sir: As a member of the Florida Highway Patrol Auxiliary, I wish to thank you for the wonderful four-page spread you ran in the July issue, "Florida Legionnaires Serve With Troopers," covering the Sebring races and our patrol auxiliary in general. It should be brought to the attention of all Florida Legionnaires that we of the patrol auxiliary are always in need of new members. If any Legion member in our state is interested he can obtain information from any of our members or any Florida State Highway Patrol station in his area.

NATHAN A. WINSTEAD
Ormond Beach, Fla.

sir: My dad, Mr. Frank Driscoll, is in the Minneapolis VA Hospital. I've been trying to get his old friends in the Rainbow Division in WWI to write him, but I don't know where they are. Maybe they will read my letter and write to him.

ROBERT DRISCOLL
Dassel, Minn.



Cornwallis' surrender. Trumbull's canvasses give reliable portraits of more than 250 Revolutionary leaders. Included here are Washington, Lafayette, Baron von Steuben and Alexander Hamilton, all painted from life.

John Trumbull's "Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown," Yale University Art Gallery. . . . Below: De Bry, (India Occidentalis 1590)-Rare Book Div., N. Y. Public Library. Both photos courtesy American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc.

IT HAPPENED IN OCTOBER

ON OCTOBER 19, 1781, the end of effective British military opposition to the American Revolution was brought about by the entrapment of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va. Hemmed in by the French Navy at sea under Admiral de Grasse, and American and French forces ashore, under Washington and Lafayette, Cornwallis surrendered his army. John Trumbull, a patriot-artist and an aide-de-camp of Washington, painted the canvas above.

ON OCTOBER 12, 1492, Christopher → Columbus discovered land in the Western Atlantic and went ashore on a West Indies island—an event that led to the opening of the American continents to European explorers and settlers. Ninety-eight years later Theodorus de Bry, German engraver, published his image of the landing, at right, showing Columbus, his ships, some of his men, the erection of a cross, and natives bearing gifts.



Columbus Landing on Hispaniola, from De Bry's 1590 book on the Indies.

EDITOR'S CORNER

INSIDE CASTRO

IN THIS ISSUE you get a closer look at Fidel Castro than you have had yet. You even take a night ride through Havana in an auto with him as he browbeats the British Ambassador to Cuba. You also get intimate verification of what you may have suspected: Castro is not only a communist, but such an admirer of Adolf Hitler that he sees himself as the new *fuehrer* of Latin America. We have Dr. Sergio Rojas y Santamarina to thank for this closeup. Dr. Rojas is one of the few men who opposed Castro's communism from the inside and lived to tell the tale. He was one of Castro's men in the revolution against Batista — so distinguished and able that Castro named him Ambassador to England. But Dr. Rojas isn't and never was a communist, and at the risk of his life he broke away from the trap he found himself in as his homeland was sold out to the reds by the bearded one. See "I Saw Cuba Betrayed" on page 10.

AN ASPIRIN FOR A COMRADE

WILL YOU PARDON your editor if he takes up the cudgels for your own Legion Post? It's that annual matter of getting the dues in for the next year. The 1964 dues are payable at any time now, and your Post has the membership cards to issue for the new Legion year. Unless you have a paid adjutant — which few posts do — the business of collecting all the dues is up to a comrade just like yourself, who does the job for free, and to whom it will be a headache until he has them all in. You wouldn't begrudge him an aspirin if he needed it, we are sure. How about shortening his headache many months by shooting your dues down to the Post now instead of sometime next January? You are a pal!

NOV. 11 IS COMING

THE NATION'S war veterans will look with interest at what the broadcast networks offer this year for Veterans Day, Nov. 11. It was last Nov. 11 that ABC discarded a Veterans Day program to put on what it called a "political obituary" of Richard Nixon, with Alger Hiss as one of the pallbearers. Veterans Day, we might add, is not a day on which war veterans selfishly look for adulation for themselves. It is the day on which we celebrate the end of the great wars of this century, and its name meant more when it was called Armistice Day, to mark the end of WWI. On the original Armistice Day—1918—the country went wild (for good reason, we think); as it did again on VE Day and VJ Day in 1945. Nov. 11 became Veterans Day during the first Eisenhower Administration, in case you want to know, to reduce the number of holidays. VE Day was hauled out of April, VJ Day out of September, and their meaning was lumped into the original Armistice Day, under the all-

embracing name Veterans Day. Some of the networks have already sent us advance notice of Nov. 11 programs indicating that *they* understand that the meaning of the day is to celebrate our victories over the Kaiser, over Hitler, over Tojo, as well as the accomplishments of our men and boys who kept at least half of Korea free — more than which they were not permitted to do.

THE IMMORTAL SPEECH

IF YOU RECALL Tom Mahoney's piece about telephone dialing in our August issue then you will be impressed by his versatility when you read his "A Few Appropriate Remarks at Gettysburg," on page 12 of this issue. Here is a truly informative piece of Americana telling you all about how Mr. Lincoln prepared the Gettysburg Address exactly 100 years ago, and what has become of the several versions of it that he wrote in his own hand.

THE TOP MAN

WHOD' WANT A BETTER authority on collecting old guns than Charles Edward Chapel, ("Fun and Profit from Gun Collecting," page 14)? Mr. Chapel, a member of the California legislature from Redondo Beach, undoubtedly has the longest biography in *Who's Who in America* of any gun collector. An aeronautical and ordnance engineer, a writer of technical articles on both his profession and his hobbies since 1925, he has more than 3,000 published articles, as well as books which include *The Complete Book of Gun Collecting* and *Guns of the Old West* — both published in 1960.

NO END OF PROBLEMS

AS IF WE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH to worry about, we have a letter from Alex Miller, a member of Rugby Post in Brooklyn, N.Y. with which we fully agree. Some manufacturers, he notes, have taken to making mens' suits without lapel buttonholes, which means that not only the millions of Legionnaires, but the members of many other societies and orders who buy such suits have no place to wear the lapel buttons of their organizations unless they butcher the lapel with an icepick. Icepicks being almost as scarce as horses in modern homes, we count ourselves lucky that when we bought such a suit we had a marlinspike left over from our seafaring days with which to pierce the fabric.

Those who take a sinister view of things suspect that the elimination of lapel buttonholes is a plot of tailors to destroy most of the fraternal orders in the land. Being more charitable, we look on it as just another example of the fact that when someone comes up with a bright idea, sober heads had better look at the consequences. And we suggest that when buying a suit you ask the salesman to show you the lapel buttonhole. That's the best way to put a stop to this right now. Kiwanis, Lions, Elks, Boy Scouts, VFW, DAV, AMVETS, Eagles, Rotary and all other lodges, organizations and orders please copy.

R. B. P.

YOU CAN SAVE YOUR HEARING!

The United States Public Health Service has published a booklet of vital interest to all who care about their hearing. This booklet, entitled "How to Protect Your Hearing," tells what can cause a loss of hearing, and how to guard against losing your hearing. It offers valuable suggestions to those who have suffered a hearing loss. It explains the problems of hearing difficulties in children. To obtain a free copy of this reliable, authoritative booklet, simply fill out the coupon below.

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24 Centuries of Polar Exploration



North Pole seen thru a periscope.

MAN AND THE CONQUEST OF THE POLES, by Paul-Emile Victor. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, \$6.95. Back in the 4th century B.C., a man by the name of Pytheas voyaged northward from his home port of Marseilles and became the first explorer in the annals of recorded history to go beyond the Arctic Circle. He wrote a book about his experiences which is now lost, and only the writings of his detractors remain to indicate that such a trip was ever made.

After Pytheas, Arctic exploration lay dormant until the 6th century when Gaelic monks discovered the Faroe Islands, Jan Mayen Island, Iceland and possibly North America. Then came the legendary Vikings and after them silence for some seven centuries. During that time the Basques and Celts ventured into northern waters, but little is known of their efforts or their successes.

The Englishman, John Cabot, aboard his ship the *Matthew* in 1497, is generally credited with being the first modern polar explorer, though the evidence is not conclusive. Some scholars credit the Dane, João Cortereal, in 1472, and others say that Columbus was also exploring in northern waters at around the same time as the Danes.

All were motivated by the lure of reaching the wealth of the Indies by sailing west via a Northwest Passage. But that passage was to persistently elude them until 1850, when an Irishman, Robert McClure, sailing in an expedition commanded by Richard Collinson, became icebound about 30 nautical miles from Melville Sound. The Collinson expedition was seeking Sir John Franklin and his lost ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, not heard from since July 27, 1845. McClure, believing the best way to find Franklin would be to seek the Northwest Passage for which Franklin had been looking, was attempting to pass through Barrow Strait when he became icebound. Undeterred, on October 26 he organized an overland expedition and "after five days of hell, they arrived at the tip of Banks Island . . . With the map stretched out before him, McClure watched the view loom up

slowly out of the darkness; the strait and Melville Island were before them; the passage was discovered."

In 1853, Captain McClintock, famous as the inventor of the system of depots and relays which have been used by all polar explorers since his time, received word from a detachment from his ship that it had found a message left on Melville Island by McClure. And so the Northwest Passage was at last known and mapped.

The adventure and romance of modern polar exploration have been caught by Mr. Victor as he records the experiences of Cook and Peary at the North Pole, Scott and Amundsen at the South Pole, and of Charcot, Papanin and Byrd, as well as the adventures of many less famous polar personalities. He details accounts of the first icebreaker, the first airplane, the first submarine and the first atomic submarine. The book carries the reader up to the International Geophysical Year 1957-58, and the Treaty of the Antarctic with its 30-year guarantee for peaceful exploration.

But what the future holds for the Antarctic both economically and politically is still only a question mark on the world's map.

World War II In The Air—Europe, edited by Maj. James F. Sunderman, USAF. FRANKLIN WATTS, INC., \$5.95. Accounts of the war for the air told movingly in the words of men who flew the missions as well as correspondents who went along with them.

John Ransom's Diary, by John L. Ransom. PAUL S. ERIKSSON, INC., \$5.95. The diary of a captured Union soldier from Nov. 22, 1863 to Dec. 25, 1864, objectively describing life in Andersonville and other southern prison camps.

Keynesianism—Retrospect and Prospect, by W. W. Hutt. HENRY REGNERY CO., \$7.50. A critical study of the economic theories set forth by John Maynard Keynes.

Elephant Valley, by Elizabeth Balneaves. RAND McNALLY & CO., \$4.95. In describing the life of Joe Brooks, Game and Tsetse Supervisor in Northern Rhodesia, this book gives us a picture of conditions in that part of the world.

Faces From the Fire, by Leonard Mosley. PRENTICE-HALL, INC., \$4.50. The biography of Sir Archibald McIndoe, British plastic surgeon who remade the faces of pilots disfigured while fighting the Battle of Britain.

Where Trade Winds Blow, by Bill Robinson. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, \$7.50. Photos and text depict the lure of southern waters in this book which will appeal to boat lovers and to those who think they'd like to take a small-boat trip.

Snakes In Fact And Fiction, by James A. Oliver. DOUBLEDAY & CO., paperback, \$1.25. If snakes interest you, so will this book about them, written by the Director of

The American Museum of Natural History. **The Young Pathfinder's Book of Snakes**, by Hilda Simon. HART PUBLISHING CO., \$3.95. A beautifully illustrated book on the snake realm that will inform and delight young people.

Street Without Joy, by Bernard B. Fall. THE STACKPOLE CO., \$5.95. The war in Indochina from 1946 to 1963.

Indian Wars of the U.S. Army (1776-1865), by Fairfax Downey. DOUBLEDAY & CO., \$4.75. An account of significant Indian battles and wars, as the American frontier spread south and west.

Woman Into Space, by Jerrie Cobb with Jane Ricker. PRENTICE-HALL, INC., \$4.95. The story of the woman who has satisfied the criteria for space flight set by NASA and who hopes to be America's first lady astronaut.

A Guide to Bird Watching, by Joseph J. Hickey. DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOK, \$1.25. Published in cooperation with The American Museum of Natural History, budding ornithologists will find this a useful pocket reference work.

The United Nations Reconsidered, edited by Raymond A. Moore, Jr. UNIV. OF SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS, \$3. A collection of reports appraising the present day value of the United Nations, made at the time the \$200 million bond issue was under discussion.

A Soldier Priest Talks To Youth, by Patrick J. Ryan. RANDOM HOUSE, \$3.95. The former chief of Army chaplains offers some sound, hard-hitting advice to youth.

Under the Red Dragon, by Harold H. Martinson. AUGSBURG PUBLISHING HOUSE, \$1.50. A compilation of individual experiences of persons who lived through the communist takeover in China.

Counterfeit U.S. Coins, by Don Taxay. ARCO PUBLISHING CO., \$4.50. A study of unauthorized U.S. coins, that will appeal to collectors.

Emergency Medical Guide, by John Henderson, M.D. MCGRAW-HILL CO., \$2.95. A home guide written to assist persons who must meet emergency medical situations when no doctor is available.

Let's Rejoin The Human Race, by Joseph H. Peck, M.D. PRENTICE-HALL, INC., \$3.95. Dr. Peck, who started writing books at 72, speaks out with youthful vigor on old age and the welfare state.

The Last Caprice, by Robert S. Menchin. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, \$2.95. Bizarre wills of all kinds, lengths and sentiments, that will amuse and entertain you.

GSH



After 22 years, a plaque finally marks Paderewski's resting place

Paderewski's Unmarked Grave

Thousands passed by each year, unaware of his presence

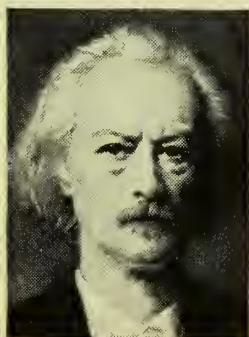
VERY FEW PEOPLE have been aware that for 22 years the remains of the great Polish musician and statesman—Ignace Jan Paderewski—have rested below the *U.S.S. Maine* Memorial in Arlington National Cemetery. For most of that time, no marker identified his grave.

"But why is Paderewski in the *Maine* Memorial and why was his grave so long unmarked?" asks anyone who hears the story for the first time.

Paderewski was buried in Arlington on July 5, 1941. But the answers to the questions begin many years earlier, when, as a boy, Paderewski vowed that if he ever succeeded in making a name for himself in the world of music, he would, when the time came, put the weight of that name wholly at the service of Poland, his native country. He never wavered from his vow.

It was in 1891 that Paderewski made his American debut as a pianist at Carnegie Hall in New York. The date was November 17, the eve of his 31st birthday. His electrifying impact on this country was without parallel in our musical history.

Nearly 24 years later, in January, 1915, with the coming of WWI, the pianist—his name made: a vow to fulfill—came to the United States to make a different kind of nationwide tour. He was coming to plead the cause of a nation that did not exist, of a country that had been wiped off the map of Europe more than 100 years before. Three times—in 1772, 1793, and 1795—the kingdom of Poland had been hacked apart and divided among its neighbors. But although German, Austrian and Russian conquerors had worked ruthlessly at suppressing



Ignace Jan Paderewski

every trace of Polish individuality, they had never succeeded in stamping out the spark of hope that still lived in the hearts of the Polish people. Now, the spark flamed and Polish leaders were hopefully preparing for the war's end—for the day when statesmen from all over the world would meet at a conference table to draw the new boundary lines of Europe. If the century-old dream of a free and reunited Poland was ever to be realized, it would be then.

Paderewski arrived in the United States with a double mission to perform. The first—to raise money for Polish war relief—was by far the easier. Paderewski traveled thousands of miles, through every state in the Union, to tell the story of Poland to his friends in America. "I have to speak to you about a country that is not yours," he would begin, "in a language that is not mine." In freedom-loving America the story had a peculiarly ironic plot. Self-governing since the 15th century, Poland had been one of the first nations in the world to advance the principles on which America had been founded. Yet Poland had lost her independence four years before America's had been declared.

Americans who contributed in response to the Polish patriot's plea were unaware that he had already given his entire fortune, the fruit of nearly 25 years on the concert stage as the greatest living pianist, to Polish relief. (In 1925, when the American Legion's Endowment Fund was started and contributions were being solicited, Paderewski gave four concerts for the sole benefit of the Fund, totaling almost \$30,000. It was the largest individual contribution.)

His second mission? Secretary of State Robert Lansing was surprised one day when the pianist called to discuss a reunited Poland. "What does a pianist know," Lansing wondered, "about international politics?"

On January 8, 1918, President Woodrow Wilson presented to Congress his 14-point program for peace. The 13th of these read: "An independent Polish state should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations...whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant." The wording was Paderewski's.

Paderewski gave up political life in 1921, after presiding as Poland's premier for two years, and resumed his music career, which he was to pursue until his retirement in 1939. In that year, the beginning of WWII, Poland was overrun by Hitler's Germany and Paderewski, after first refusing, accepted the position of president of Poland's exile government in 1940. Later that year, he returned to the United States where, on June 29, 1941, he died, at 80.

Paderewski wanted to be buried in his beloved Poland when it was free again, and, until that time, President Franklin Roosevelt offered his family Arlington Cemetery as a temporary resting place.

Roosevelt probably thought that Poland would be free when the Nazis were driven out, within a year or two or three.

At any rate he did not use his Presidential authority to provide for a marker for Paderewski's "temporary" resting place. But as the beaten Nazi armies moved to the west, the new darkness, long distrusted by Paderewski, moved into Poland from the Soviet Union. Two or three years stretched out to more than 20, and Poland was not free to receive its hero, who remained in his unmarked tomb in Arlington. Polish-American groups and the Paderewski Foundation all tried to have a marker put up. But the Army, following the rules that govern burial in Arlington, refused. Paderewski was there temporarily and he was a non-American non-service man.

It took years, the power of the press, the pressure of various members of Congress and intercession by the President before a memorial tablet would be erected to honor this great man.

On May 9, 1963, President Kennedy ascended the steps of the *U.S.S. Maine* Memorial to dedicate the plaque and address the assembly of Cabinet members, congressmen and Polish-American groups. Recalling President Roosevelt's promise in 1941 that Paderewski's body would be returned to Poland when the land is free, the President continued,

"That day has not yet come, but I believe that in this land of the free Paderewski rests easily." *by Ruth Hume*

"I Saw Cuba Betrayed!"



Dr. Rojas

By Dr. SERGIO ROJAS
y SANTAMARINA

Obtain letter and dispatch to me at once.

Those words came to me in code, via a secret radio transmitter, from Fidel Castro, then leading revolutionary forces in Cuba's Sierra Maestra Mountains.

It was August 1958. I was in Caracas, Venezuela, devoting all my efforts to Castro's cause, buying ammunition, guns, raising funds, operating a secret short-wave radio network.

That message had come in response to one I had sent to Castro, requesting instructions.

A communist functionary had called at my offices in Caracas the previous afternoon. This caller, whose name was Severo Aguirre, had just returned from a conference with the No. 1 communist in Brazil, Luis Carlos Prestes. He informed me of a letter I must pick up and get through to Castro in Cuba—a letter Moscow apparently wanted Castro alone to read.

I was certain Fidel would reject such an obvious bid, I said to the communist caller: "I will have to let you know."

Hours later, I had the reply to forward the document.

When I read those words from Fidel—Fidel in whom millions of noncommunist Cubans like myself had put their faith and their futures—I felt a chill of alarm for ourselves, for the cause of freedom.

Yet, I could not be sure. I did not know the facts completely. It was only the edge of doubt, the sharp, knifing edge.



At first, all Cuba hailed Castro as a Cuban saviour, like these natives of Cienfuegos.

PARIS MATCH — FROM PICTORIAL PARADE

The next morning my communist caller was back—this time with the address where I could pick up the letter.

It was in the old part of the city, an unobtrusive, side street residence that turned out to be Venezuelan Communist Party headquarters.

Once inside the house, I was taken into a library where a number of leading communists—the red hierarchy for all South America—were gathered. I knew several of them by name.

They were guarded in their words to me. They were coldly informative. "This document is of the utmost importance to Castro and the revolution against Dictator Batista," I was told.

They gave me a sealed white envelope. I had the feeling that my very life depended on getting this missive to Fidel.

Using a secret courier route I had set up between Venezuela and Castro's mountain forces in Cuba, I got the letter through within 24 hours.

This was, for me, the beginning of suspicion, this first overt act of the international reds to capture Castro.

But it was suspicion only. And in revolution, as in all war, you follow orders. You cannot question every move.

Not until months later—when I was Cuba's Ambassador to Great Britain,

with a wealth of intelligence sources open to me—did I learn the truly shocking truth of what was in that letter.

It was, my London informants revealed, far more than a mere assurance of camaraderie and support for the Cuban revolution.

It was a statement that the commu-

AUTHOR'S PHOTO



The author, right, with Pakistan and Yugoslav diplomats Yousuf and Vejvoda, when Rojas was Ambassador to Great Britain for Castro.

nists were ready to back Castro as the new *fuehrer* of all of Latin America—indeed of the Western Hemisphere.

It was, as one informant put it, "The Khrushchev Doctrine to replace the Monroe Doctrine as the guiding light of all the Americas."

Castro's first Ambassador to Britain reveals how the Cuban Revolution was sold out to the reds.



Then came the firing squads, and instead of elections, a Red Regime at gunpoint.

ACME

This document purportedly outlined in vast detail South American history and destiny. It likened Castro to a new Simón Bolívar. As Bolívar had driven Spanish power out of the Americas, so Castro would drive out the Yankee from all of Latin America—backed by the power of Moscow and world communism.

He was to be one of the three red giants—Khrushchev in Europe, Mao Tse-tung in Asia, Castro in the Western Hemisphere.

In September 1960, Castro himself revealed this goal to a friend of mine, a Cuban who is now a Wall Street broker. Driving with Castro alone from Varadero Beach to the south coast of Cuba, my friend proposed a quiet approach with the American government in order to settle all differences.

Castro answered: "I do not trust the Americans. Besides, history is on the side of communism. Capitalism is doomed. I am riding the wave of the future. I will negotiate with the United States only when I sit in the White House."

I did not know any of this on that August day when I dispatched the sealed envelope to the man who supposedly was leading Cuban forces to a new day of freedom.

How could such a thing happen? How could I, an educated Cuban, member of a fairly well-to-do middle-class family, find myself trapped in a cause that was ruthlessly driving toward everything I opposed? How could I have become a supposedly proud Ambassador to England—representing this traitor of freedom?

I believe—in view of the cataclysmic scope of the peril Castro represents today—that I have an obligation to the world to answer these questions. Having just completed a lecture tour of America, I know the questions Americans are asking. I believe this story must be told now.



Humberto Sorí Marin, a friend of Castro's, was first Minister of Agriculture, then, when he opposed communism, he was a dead man. Dictator Castro had him shot in the legs first, so that he would bend.

In 1957, I was an average young Cuban living in Havana with my wife and five-year-old daughter, engaged in business and managing certain of my family's properties.

I took no part in politics at that time, but I was growing increasingly outraged and heartsick at the corrupt, gangster-ridden tyranny and murder of the Fulgencio Batista regime.

Fidel Castro by then was waging revolution in the mountains of the Sierra Maestra. His strength grew daily. He was the symbol of liberation from Batista. He was the hope of us all.

Loving my country, revolted at Batista's killings, I put aside my personal business interests to join Castro's underground in Havana.

His underground 26th of July Movement—named after his abortive military attack in Santiago de Cuba in 1953—spread like hidden grass-fire across our island. His support came from every class and group, including the middle, intellectual and professional classes.

Fidel—a new Hitler? Such an idea would have been laughed out of existence at that stage. Six years later, in exile in West Germany, I compiled facts that showed how terrifyingly similar were the lives of these two men of violence.

But in those early days, we had no time for such questions or considerations.

I turned my back on everything but the revolution and became a rising new power in it. Batista agents dogged my steps. My wife, mother and daughter were arrested, and held for hours as Batista intelligence men tried to pump information out of them about my activities.

I could not jeopardize their lives any longer. I slipped them out of Cuba—to Caracas, where I followed to coordinate Castro's revolution abroad. Caracas was the center of all our activities outside of Cuba's borders. Venezuela backed Fidel completely after the overthrow of Premier Pérez Jiménez in 1958.

Our combined efforts in Cuba and throughout the Caribbean, plus support from other Latin American peoples and from groups in the United States, at last brought victory.

When it came in 1959, I flew to Havana. I embraced Fidel at the entrance to the city. We had talked many times—guardedly—via short wave. But this was our first actual meeting. I marched in beside him and his followers to the roaring welcome of millions of my countrymen.

In one of our first conferences in Havana, with several conversations going on at once, Fidel came over, put his

(Continued on page 46)

"A few appropriate remarks" *at* GETTYSBURG

100 years ago they asked a President to
keep his remarks short—and he did.

By TOM MAHONEY

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO this November 19, Abraham Lincoln, our tallest President, pulled his lank frame from a rocking chair toward the end of a long program just outside of Gettysburg, Pa. Behind him in ordered rows were the fresh graves of the dead of the great Civil War battle fought there the previous July. In front stood a tired and restless crowd of 10,000, many in the blue uniform of the Union Army.

The day had dawned dark and stormy but by noon the clouds had vanished. The sun was shining as the President, wearing his black Prince Albert coat, stepped to the edge of the platform holding a folded sheet of paper. As he glanced through his spectacles at the paper, the crowd applauded politely and became silent.

"Fourscore and seven years ago," he began, "our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

His voice was thin and high. Our idea that Lincoln's voice was deep is derived from his impersonators rather than history. But it carried well in the mild, autumn air. In less than two minutes, he delivered his final and longest sentence: "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

He spoke only ten sentences. These total 269 words on the paper in his hand, 270 as he spoke (he added "under God" and forgot "poor") and 272 words as he revised it later. The vocabulary employed was much less. "Dedicate" was

used six times. Several short words, "the little fellers" Lincoln loved, were repeated many times. Among them were "we" and "so." Of the total, 190 are of one syllable and 56 of two syllables. Nearly all are Anglo-Saxon words. Descriptive adjectives and adverbs as well as superlatives are absent.

Lincoln arranged these simple words in majestic phrases and directed them to an audience beyond the battlefield, beyond the year, beyond his century. They speak as eloquently for the basic ideals of freedom and democracy in 1963 as they did in 1863. Millions continue to read them in books, admire them on the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C., and on a monument, the first in the world to a speech, in the Gettysburg Cemetery. They have been translated into countless languages and have appeared on postage stamps.

As remarkable as the speech's popularity are the myths and legends that have developed about its preparation, delivery and reception. Most persistent is the idea that Lincoln spoke with little or no preparation; that on the train to Gettysburg he jotted a few notes on an



THE MESERVE
COLLECTION

Before drafting his own talk, Lincoln studied Everett's "featured" speech first. He had it on the table when he posed for this photo November 8.

envelope or a scrap of paper. There are even accounts of Andrew Carnegie lending him a pencil for this purpose. It is believed widely that newspapers published only the two-hour address of Edward Everett, the orator of the day, and

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS. FROM CULVER PHOTOS



Union troops march through Gettysburg to hear the battlefield dedication.

Executive Mansion.

Washington

1863

Four years and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that "all men are created equal."

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it, as a final resting place for those who here, that the nation might live. This we do, in all propriety do. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow, this ground—the brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have hallowed it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; while it can never forget what they did here.

It is rather for us, the living, to ~~dedicate~~ ^{we have the sphere} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~dedicate~~ ^{dedicate} ~~ourselves~~ ^{ourselves} to the great task remaining before us—that, from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

This is the first draft of the Gettysburg Address, the first page in White House stationery, the second on ruled note paper. Note change to "we here be dedicated" on first page.

couldn't make that date, the ceremony was postponed until November 19.

Lincoln's invitation to speak was not sent until November 2. It was a carefully worded letter from David Wills of Gettysburg, a lawyer who was the leading spirit in the cemetery project. He made it plain that Everett would deliver "the Oration" but asked that Lincoln "formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks." Wills also invited the President to stay at the Wills home in Gettysburg. Lincoln promptly accepted both invitations. He began thinking about his speech while dealing with many other matters. The war continued.

© BACHRACH — FROM CULVER PHOTOS



Bachrach photo at Gettysburg, taken for Leslie's Weekly. Lincoln's address was so short that no cameraman was ready to snap before he finished speaking.

He had to go to a wedding. His son, Tad, was ill.

Lincoln had two secretaries, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, but no speech writers or researchers. "Had the Gettysburg address been written by a committee," comments Theodore C. Sorensen, currently engaged in such work at the White House, "its ten sentences would surely have been hedged and the world would, indeed, have little noted or long remembered what was said there." Lincoln wrote his own. By way of preparation, he talked to the Department of Agriculture man, William Saunders of Germantown, Pa., who designed the Gettysburg Cemetery, actually located in adjoining Cumberland Township.

The President also read and praised an advance copy of Everett's address. The *Boston Journal* put this into type early and Everett sent proofs to the President and many newspapers. Lincoln took his with him when he sat for a photograph on November 8, and it can be seen on the (Continued on page 39)

ignored Lincoln's moving eloquence. Let's examine the evidence.

The date was set for the convenience of Everett, considered the most polished orator of the time. He had been a Boston minister, President of Harvard, Governor of Massachusetts, U.S. Senator, Minister to England and Secretary of State. He donated the proceeds of a lecture tour to preserving Mount Vernon. He was invited in September to speak at Gettysburg on October 23. When he

Fun and Profit from GUN COLLECTING

Knowledge of the arms that shaped history can be fascinating and lucrative.

By **CHARLES EDWARD CHAPEL**

SOMETIME DURING 1940, a grizzled old miner walked into a San Francisco gun shop, placed a Colt Model 1849, pocket percussion revolver on the counter and asked what the dealer would pay for it. The dealer examined it and found that it was cal. .31, 5-shot, with a round-back trigger guard, a loading-lever, a 4-inch barrel, and was marked on the barrel: "Address Saml Colt, Hartford, Ct."

At that time, this revolver was worth \$9 if in good condition, which meant that there must be some original finish, all parts original, with some signs of wear but no abuse, little or no rust, and in good working order. In fine condition, it was worth \$12, and this meant that 75% of the original finish must be present, all parts original, sharp factory markings, and perfect working order. The "Hartford, Ct." marking made it worth about 20% more than the same revolver marked "Address Saml Colt, New York City," because collectors of old guns are just as particular about small details as are stamp and coin collectors.

Before making an offer, the dealer examined the markings with a magnifying glass and found that the words "Charter Oak Stock" were finely engraved on the trigger guard strap. Ordinarily, the dealer would pay not more than 50% of the retail price, which means that he

ANGELA CALONIRIS



Mr. Ludwig Olson, curator of the National Rifle Association, holding a Savage pistol. This gun lost out to the Colt .45 in U.S. Service pistol tests in 1911.

would have offered the miner \$6 for this particular revolver because it was in fine condition from the viewpoint of antique firearm collectors. The words engraved on the trigger guard strap, however, aroused some latent memory in the dealer's mind. He offered the miner \$30 which was accepted.

That night the dealer, wondering if he had paid too much, read a book on the history of the Colt factory and found that during a wind storm in 1856, a famous tree called the "Charter Oak" had blown down and the owner of the tree gave it to Samuel Colt for making grips (handles) for revolvers. Colt marked the trigger guard straps of revolvers with grips made from the Charter Oak with the engraving that the dealer had found on the specimen he purchased from the miner.

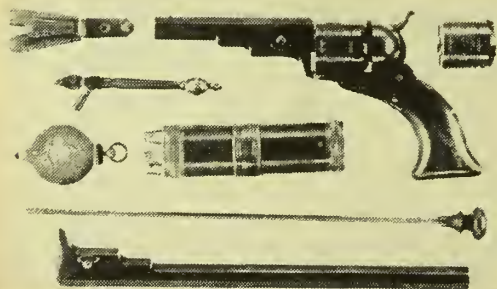
The next day the dealer sold the revolver for \$75. Today, the same revolver without the "Charter Oak" engraving is worth \$100 in good condition and \$150 in fine condition. With the "Charter

Oak" engraving, it is worth \$300 in good condition and \$450 in fine condition. These are retail prices, the amounts that are charged by dealers, and by collectors selling to one another.

The big jump in prices from 1940 to 1963 was only partly caused by the decreased buying power of the dollar. There are a limited number of genuine Colt percussion revolvers and a constantly increasing number of people who collect antique firearms. Supply and demand are the primary factors in determining the value of old guns. Condition comes second, but it is important because a gun in fine condition is usually worth about 50% more than one in good condition. If it is in fine original factory condition, elaborately engraved, equipped with carved ivory grips, or in an original case with the original accessories for cleaning, loading and firing, the value climbs astronomically.

Samuel Colt made a wide variety of firearms at his first factory at Paterson, N. J., usually marked "Patent Arms M'g

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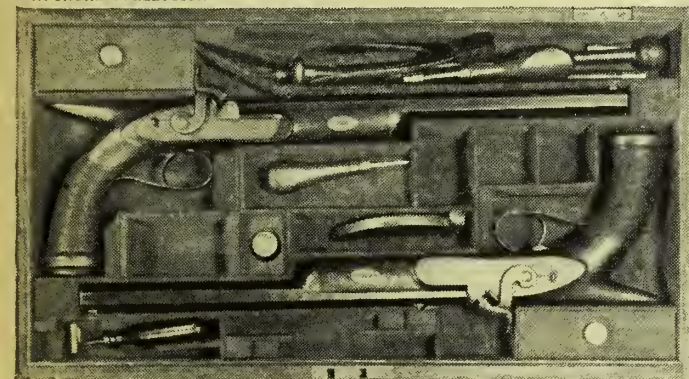


The Paterson Colt Revolver, Cal. .36, 5-shot, with 4.75-inch barrel, concealed trigger, and usual markings. Cased with mold, extra cylinder, combination tool, priming device, combination powder and bullet flask, cleaning rod and extra 12-inch barrel. Its value, with original case: \$6,000.



Harper's Weekly front-page sharpshooting in 1861.

AUTHORS' COLLECTION



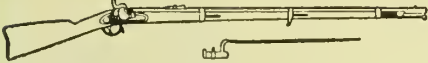
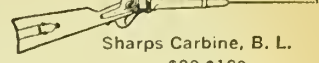

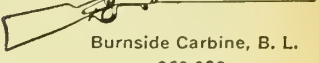
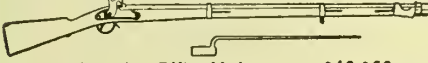
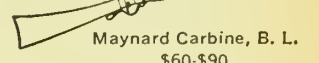
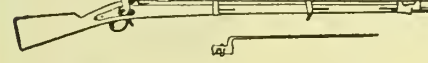
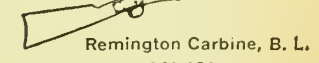
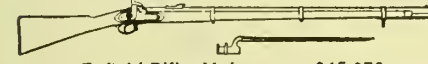
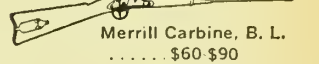
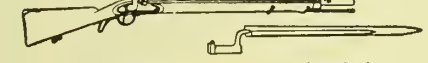
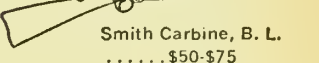
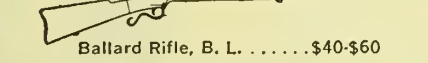
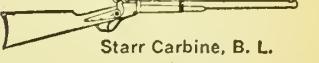
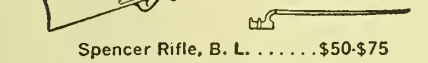
A beautiful cased pair of percussion dueling pistols with accessories made by Thomas K. Baker of London.

Co. Paterson, N. J. Colt's Pt." on the barrel. These were revolving-cylinder weapons, including revolvers, muskets, musketoons (short muskets), rifles, carbines (short rifles), and shotguns. All of them were percussion-fire, commonly called "cap-and-ball" by beginners.

Collectors and dealers pay more for the revolvers than for the shoulder arms, and value the rifles, carbines, muskets, and musketoons much higher than the shotguns. Revolvers are probably more popular because they are easier to exhibit, store and move, but there is no particular reason for the fact that shotguns are valued less than other shoulder arms. Incidentally, this applies to all shotguns and not merely those made by Colt or shotguns of any particular ignition period.

Going back to 1940 again, a New York gun collector found in a pawnshop a Colt percussion revolver, cal. .36, 5-shot, with a 9-inch octagonal barrel marked "Patent Arms M'g Co. Paterson, N. J. Colt's Pt." in the original case with Paterson-made accessories, including an extra cylinder, bullet mold, priming device (capper), combination tool, and combination bullet-and-powder flask. The revolver had a loading lever under the barrel with a hook shaped spring catch and a concealed (folding) trigger. The ivory grips were deeply carved. The collector bought the revolver, the case, and the accessories for \$500 because the dealer did not know anything about antique arms and had received the whole outfit as a pledge for a loan of \$200.

SOME RARE GUNS AND THEIR APPROXIMATE VALUES.

	Sharps Carbine, B. L. \$80-\$120
Springfield Rifled Musket, M. L. ... \$60-\$90	
	Burnside Carbine, B. L. \$60-\$90
Harper's Ferry Rifled Musket, M. L. ... \$60-\$90	
	Maynard Carbine, B. L. \$60-\$90
Austrian Rifle, M. L. \$40-\$60	
	Remington Carbine, B. L. \$60-\$90
Belgian Rifle, M.L. \$40-\$60	
	Merrill Carbine, B. L. \$60-\$90
Enfield Rifle, M. L. \$45-\$70	
	Smith Carbine, B. L. \$50-\$75
Jager Rifle, M.L. \$40-\$60	
	Starr Carbine, B. L. \$50-\$75
Ballard Rifle, B. L. \$40-\$60	
	Henry Carbine, (Repeater) \$280-\$420 with brass frame \$350-\$475 with iron frame
Spencer Rifle, B. L. \$50-\$75	

© CHARLES EDWARD CHAPEL
GUNS OF THE OLD WEST

The Paterson revolver with the original case and accessories was then worth on the retail market \$1,000 in good condition, \$1,500 in fine condition, and if the whole outfit had been in the original factory condition, it would have been worth \$2,000. The collector who bought it sold it early in 1963 for \$6,000, which, since it was in fine condition, was a reasonable price. If it had been in "factory new" condition it would have been worth at least \$10,000.

The year 1940 is used as a reference year because it was a transition year when collectors began to get away from insisting on Colt percussion weapons, flintlock firearms such as the Kentucky Rifle, and other early arms, and started to specialize in later productions. One field which interested them was a group of percussion revolvers converted at the end of the Civil War from percussion to cartridge fire, especially Colt revolvers. A big demand had not yet been created for "conversions," hence the prices were comparatively low.

For example, the Colt Army Revolver, Model 1848, also known as the Old Model Holster Pistol, and the Dragoon Colt, when converted to fire cal. .44 rim-fire cartridges, retailed at \$65 in good condition and \$100 in fine condition. These prices applied to the revolver with a 7.5-inch round barrel with octagonal breech, marked "Address Sam'l Colt, New York City." It was 6-shot, with a total length of 14 inches, had a hinged loading lever and other features of the original percussion model except that the conversion was accomplished by cutting off the cylinder and inserting a removable breech plate with slots through which the hammer (and its nose) could hit the cartridge primers. It is possible to remove the converted cylinder and have a percussion-fire revolver that can be equipped with a percussion-cap cylinder. This conversion in 1963 retailed for \$400 in good condition and \$600 in fine condition. Variations in the method of conversion, barrel length, caliber, and other details raise or lower these values, depending largely on the individual collector's anxiety to add a specimen to his collection.

Almost everyone knows about Ken- (Continued on page 44)

By **NORMAN BEASLEY**

(Norman Beasley, who tells here the story his brother, the late Colonel Peter Beasley, told him, died in July of this year, shortly after he completed this article.)

IN FEBRUARY 1945, my brother, the late Peter Beasley, then a U.S. Army Colonel, was summoned to Washington from the battlefields of Europe. Along with other chosen intelligence units, he was charged by Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, with (1) the capture of the Speer Ministry, developer of Germany's rocket weapons; (2) the capture of all possible intelligence pertaining to rocket weapons; and (3) the rendering of a documented report on the effects of Allied bombing of German industry.

Early in 1929, German engineers had begun studying rocket and jet propulsion to be used for transporting mail. In 1933, when Adolf Hitler became Chancellor, these studies were shifted to military uses, and the scientists were instructed to explore all ideas, however fanciful. Prof. Dr. Wernher von Braun, technical director of the group of scientists employed by the Speer Ministry on rocket research, was continued in that capacity. Huge sums were made available to the Ministry and huge sums were wasted, but the research produced weapons, the best known of which were the V-1 and V-2 rocket weapons.

Others were: the rocket-propelled missile (the Natter) carrying a human pilot who escaped by parachute, leaving the missile to rip into a bomber formation; a three-winged airplane (the Trub-flugel Flugzeug) which took off straight up; anti-aircraft rockets (the Taifun and Wasserfall), the latter having tremendous explosive power for use against heavy bomber formations; 400-foot gun barrels, proximity fuses, infra-red homing devices, and rocket assisted artillery; a solar mirror to float a mile above the earth's surface and bring into focus the

sun's rays, thus setting fire to any desired object; and the turbo-jet fighters, the ME 162 and the ME 262.

The V-1 missile was developed in the Volkswagen works in Fallersleben and was produced in quantity at three plants; Mittelwerke in Nordhausen, Bruns Werge in Stettin, and in the Volkswagen works in Fallersleben. When launched against England in June 1944, the Germans had about 12,000 of these missiles on hand. Approximately 25% of them were defective.

Peenemunde, on the Baltic Sea, was

the nerve center of the V-2 rocket program. Following a devastating air attack by the British in August 1943, the German Ministry for Armament and War Production moved the V-2 missile underground. The place chosen was Nordhausen, in central Germany. Production began in February 1944.

When the European phase of World War II ended in May 1945, the V-1 and V-2 missiles were in full production. Getting into production were the Taifun and Wasserfall weapons; in the blueprint stage was the A-9 weapon, the most

The Capture of the GERMAN ROCKET SECRETS

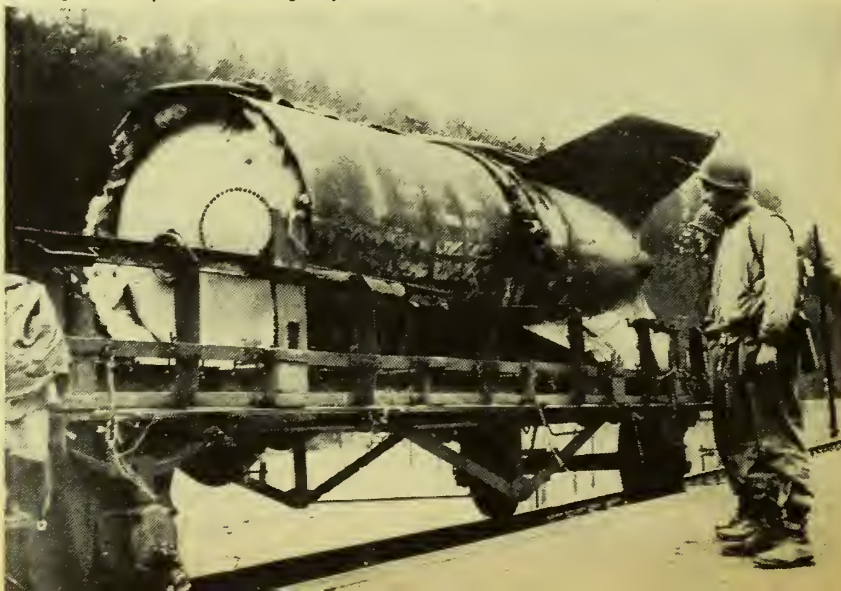


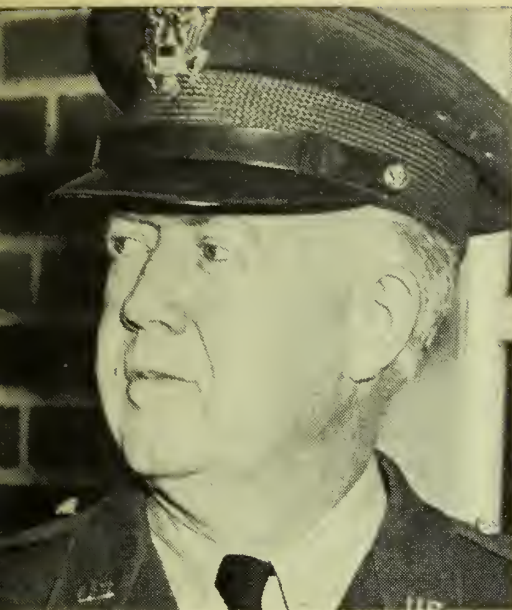
An inside story of our
search for hidden German
data as Nazidom crumbled.

▼ Wernher von Braun, center, surrenders to 7th Army.

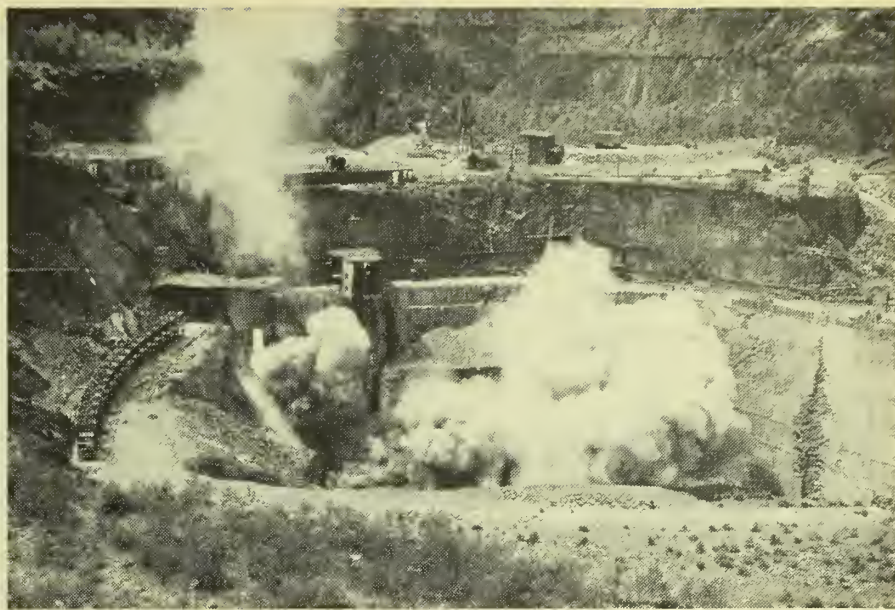


▼ First Army captures a V-2 in Bromskirchen, April 3, 1945.





Peter Beasley, the author's brother.



Test firing captured V-2 rocket motor near Lehesten, Germany, shortly after VE Day.

DEPT. OF DEFENSE



Uncovering a box of German secret data hidden in a cave.

lethal of all the weapons the Germans had conjured up.

The V-2 missile was an extraordinary weapon. Developed over a period of ten years, work on it had progressed by the war's end so that it had a range of more than 200 miles and a maximum speed of 3,500 miles an hour. It was so fast that it could not be seen by the human eye nor by radar. Consequently it was able to land on its target before the rumble of its approach could be heard. Fortunately for England, the war ended before many were used, although in London Selfridge's department store was hit, as was the Piccadilly Theatre, a railroad station and a number of dwellings in the residential section.

Fortunately for the United States and Canada, the A-9 was no further along than the blueprint stage. This weapon was designed as a winged V-2. It was to carry a crew, be equipped with pressurized cabins, a retroacting undercarriage, and special aerodynamic aids for landing. Its range was more than 3,000 miles, and its anticipated speed more than 3,500 miles an hour.

The Speer Ministry was headquartered in Berlin, but under the pressure of bombing from the air and the steady

advance of Allied ground forces, its personnel was scattered into the Black Forest and the protection of the Alps. Through intelligence sources, Washington and London knew of the dispersal and of the burning of all but key documents. Not known was the whereabouts of the Speer personnel and the hiding places for these key documents.

In March 1945, the town of Bad Eilsen was captured. Located about 20 miles from Hanover, Bad Eilsen was the headquarters of Focke-Wulfe, one of the largest two manufacturers of fighter aircraft in Germany. In the town were two or three hotels that housed some 1,500 engineers and technical people assigned to the Focke-Wulfe Co.

Following right behind the advancing Allies was the Colonel under orders from Washington. His cadre comprised two other commissioned officers and two sergeants, one of the latter especially fluent in German.

After days of interrogation, Focke-Wulfe officials admitted possessing key drawings and records. They had hidden them in the basement walls of one of the buildings. The documents and drawings were sent to the headquarters of General Eisenhower. From Bad Eilsen, the search party moved on to Kassel where the Fieseler aircraft was made, but not without an ominous warning. A soldier who had been detailed to guard the Colonel's airplane (a C-47) was found tied to a tree, stabbed to death.

In Kassel, the officials of Fieseler were interrogated. Their replies, matched with the answers given by the Focke-Wulfe officials, caused the Colonel to suspect that members of the Speer Ministry were hiding in that general area and that key records of German missile weapons had also been hidden nearby.

He requested, and was given, permission from American authorities to search the depths of the Harz Mountains and the Black Forest. Early in April he took over a barracks in Ilfeld, a town a few miles north of Nordhausen. Unknowingly, he had commandeered the same barracks that had been occupied by George Richkey, the Director General of all German rocket weapon production. The next morning the Colonel and his party set out to explore the countryside.

Without trouble they located the Mittelwerke underground plant between Ilfeld and Nordhausen, where a large percentage of all the V-1's and V-2's were made. Located in a hill, the underground plant was 800 to 1,000 feet beneath the surface. There were two tunnels, each two miles long, about 32 feet wide and 35 feet high. The two tunnels were situated about a half mile from each other. (Continued on page 35)

By JOHN M. THOMAS

WITHOUT MAKING a large investment, how would you like to have your own place in the woods where you could: (1) Earn an income by growing timber, (2) Hunt and maybe fish, (3) Make money by charging for hunting and fishing privileges, (4) Build a place for vacation living to which you could eventually retire, and, (5) Feel that you were helping in this nation's conservation program?

The foregoing probably sounds like some of the advertising copy you've read offering lots in various parts of the United States. However, there's a difference, for the land we're considering here would probably be located within driving distance of your home, and would be land you could use now, not when you reach retirement age. Your place in the woods would also make money for you without a lot of work and without special training, and free forestry advice is usually available from state and private sources.

This bonanza which pays such dividends in money and recreational opportunities is tree farming, but a kind of tree farming that operates pretty much by remote control.

Everyone has heard of tree farming conducted by large timber interests or by farmers who grow trees on some of their acreage in order to provide themselves with ready cash or to make money with which to put their children through college. That isn't the kind we're talking about. The kind we're talking about is a relatively new development.

An individual buys timberland, generally without any buildings on it and consequently at reasonable cost, and raises timber on it as a part-time venture. Those who have become part-time tree farmers usually live in a city or town and do whatever has to be done around their farm on an occasional weekend. To make the deal even more attractive, caring for the acreage usually leaves plenty of time for picnicking, hunting or fishing, all of which are more enjoyable because you know no one is going to order you off the land.

If you don't pay too much for your land, profits from tree farming can be substantial. In some areas, wood-using industries will supply seedlings free or at bare cost. A few companies provide free forestry services and technical guidance and in return ask only that you just offer your output to them when you have something to market. To assist with reforestation, a number of states provide seedlings free or at little cost, but nature is usually so bountiful that planting is not necessary. When trees are harvested properly, seedlings usually spring up everywhere and tree farming is largely thinning out the lush growth so that the



Left: Darrell Klanke's ten acres will help him through college. His dad, A. D. Klanke of Buckley, Wash., and Joe Buhaly, Pierce County Extension Forester, (white shirt) advise him. Right: Storekeeper Allan Mosser of Dundas, Ill., is a part-time tree farmer.

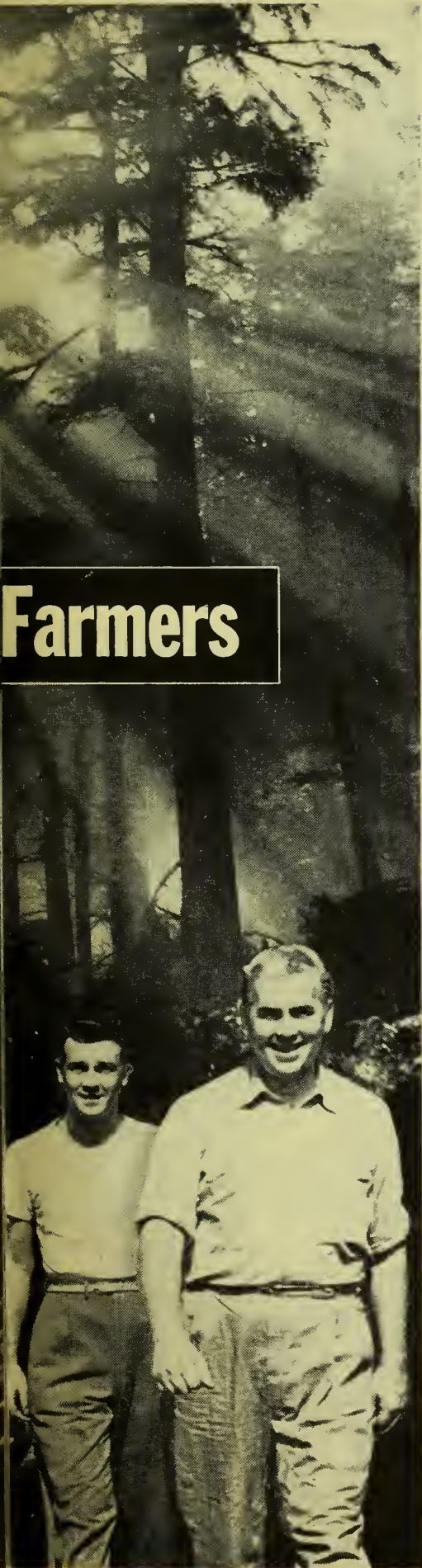
America's Part-Time Tree

Townfolk invest in their own woodlands and get
(1) private, woodsy retreats and (2) long term gains



First, a small cottage in the woods for vacation living and occasional outdoor work. Later, a place to retire and cash in the money growing on your trees.

Farmers



The Rev. Mr. Poff, (kneeling) and helper, carrying out thinning operation on his tree farm. Some 40,000 bd. ft. of this lumber have gone for construction and remodeling on Mt. Zion Lutheran church and other churches in Mr. Poff's parish.

best trees can have the sun and air to grow rapidly. Also, an increasing number of tree farmers are realizing modest revenues by charging campers and hunters for the recreational use of their forests.

Since 1943, income from timber managed on a "sustained yield" basis has been taxed only as capital gains, which helps make it a good investment, and over half of our states, recognizing the vital importance of tree cultivation, have special forest tax laws, most of which are financially favorable to tree growers.

According to James C. McClellan, chief forester of American Forest Products Industries, Inc., an organization sponsored by more than 1,000 wood-dependent firms and timberland owners, most white-collar investors in spare time tree farms invest for dual purposes. They want the income from regular crops of trees, as well as the multiple use values that timber offers — wood, water, wildlife, recreation and soil stabilization.

"We find," he explains, "that in most cases, when a school teacher, a bank clerk, or a lawyer buys a tract of land and starts growing trees, he is nearly always driven by the urge to get out of doors and enjoy the woods, even if only for the weekend."

The wise tree farmer grows the most valuable trees native to his particular area and suitable to his soils. These may vary from the valuable hardwoods such as black cherry, maple, walnut and birch in the North; to ash and yellow poplar in the Appalachians; and to oak and the gums in the South. It may also vary from eastern white pine and spruce in the North; to loblolly, slash, shortleaf and longleaf pine in the South; to ponderosa sugar and western white pine in the Rocky Mountains; to Douglas fir, red-

wood, Port Orford cedar and western hemlock on the West Coast.

Pines and spruces may grow into Christmas trees in 5-8 years, but require 12-15 years in the South and 30-40 years in the North to reach pulpwood size. Pines reach sawtimber size in 40-80 years in the North and South but may take over 100 years in the West. Cherry, ash, yellow poplar and other fast growing hardwoods require about the same amount of time, but slow growing hardwoods such as oak, maple and birch require 80-120 years and about one-half as long for pulp. Western hemlock, redwood and Douglas fir reach sawtimber size in 60-80 years and pulpwood size in about 30 years.

Nearly all species are now used for pulp, but pine, hemlock, spruce, and aspen are the leading species. More and more of the dense hardwoods such as maple, oak and the gums are being used every year.

The southern pines, Douglas fir, Western hemlock, white pines, ponderosa pine and redwood are the leading construction woods.

Southern pines, lodgepole pine and western red cedar are the leading species used for poles. Southern pines and Douglas fir lead in piling use.

Black locust, cedar, cypress and osage orange make excellent fence posts because of their durability.

The best woods for charcoal and fuelwood are the dense hardwoods such as hickory, maple, beech, birch, and oak.

One tree farmer, the Rev. Harmon Emzy Poff, Lutheran minister of Blacksburg, Va., is growing white pines on a 48-acre tree farm in western Virginia to help carry forward the work of his church and community. More than 40,000 board feet of white pine lumber

(Continued on page 51)

IT WAS EARLY in 1943 that the Americans smashed Germany's Afrika Korps—and ended my career as a lieutenant in the German Army. I was then 19 years old, brainwashed and indoctrinated with the idea of the wisdom of the Third Reich and convinced that we Germans were defending Western civilization against those trying to destroy it. Twenty years later, I still shudder at the memory of those thoughts.

But let me tell you how I was re-educated—as an American prisoner of war!

I had, of course, no desire to be captured. I wanted to make my way home and go on fighting. So, on the day of German capitulation in North Africa, two friends and I set out on a bold bid for escape. We commandeered an old Volkswagen, loaded it with gasoline, smeared the telltale license plates (marked "WH" for *Wehrmacht-Heer*, or German Army) with damp mud and headed west, looking, we hoped, like French refugees. We traveled at night and slept by day—until we grew careless and forgot to give the license plates a fresh smearing.

That morning, we stopped at a farmhouse and asked and won from the Arab who owned it permission to sleep in his barn. He was a sharp-eyed fellow who knew there was a reward for turning in German soldiers; the "WH" on our license tags was tip-off enough. I was awakened by a submachine gun in the ribs, and opened my eyes to see 15 young American soldiers surrounding us. They had never seen a German before and looked very nervous. The tension broke quickly enough, however, after one of them asked me for my rank. In my best school-learned English, which was decidedly English and not American, I replied: "I am a *leftenant*." All the Americans burst out laughing. "Brother," said one of my questioners, "and where is your *rightenant*?"

We were taken by truck to Bone on the Algerian coast and in the middle of May we shipped out to the United States in the first contingent of German prisoners of war to make the trip. There were 15,000 of us on three transports that were part of a convoy of some 60 ships. I confess that my feelings were mixed when I walked along the deck toward the mess hall and took a last look at the European continent as we steamed past the Rock of Gibraltar and headed into the murky mists of the Atlantic. It was good to look at water; many of us had been fighting in the hot, arid deserts of North Africa and, exclusive of the scanty daily rations of drinking water, had not seen water for months. But I knew that the passage across the Atlantic

Rüdiger von Wechmar was until recently Consul with the German Consulate General in New York City, and is now Eastern European correspondent for the German Television Network.



Roundup in Africa of Rommel's men taken by U.S. Infantry, March, 1943.

How AMERICA looked to a GERMAN P.O.W.

Recollections of a former German soldier who
ended WWII in a p.o.w. camp in Colorado.

was filled with dangers, and that the chief danger was German submarines. On our fourth day out, the U-boats struck. The irony of it all still brings a grim smile to my lips; there we were, attacked by our countrymen—defended by our enemies!

We were at lunch when the U-boats were sighted. Sirens suddenly began screaming and the steam whistles started tooting. Rapid fire commands, spoken much too fast for me to understand, poured out from the loudspeakers. Our guards quickly herded us back into the bowels of the ship where we had been assigned bunks in chambers beneath the water line. We were ordered into our sleeping quarters. Scarcely had I scrambled into my bunk when the voice of a ship's officer, speaking in German, issued

from a loudspeaker. Calmly, he announced that a wolfpack of German submarines was attacking the convoy and that our protecting escort was moving out to defend us against the attack. His words were punctuated by the muffled sound of distant explosions, the source of which was only too clear.

I don't think that any period of my life was as strange as those hours in the middle of the Atlantic when I felt myself under direct attack by my fellow Germans. Tension built up tremendously there below the water line of the ship. Neither I nor any of my colleagues spoke. It occurred to me that the French soldiers deep under the fortifications of the Maginot line must have suffered the same helplessness. I remember that my emo-



Von Wechmar with the Afrika Korps at El Alamein in 1942, before capture.



The author, left, as a German delegate to the 1959 Geneva Conference. Right, German Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano.

tions were complicated; certainly, I didn't want the U-boat attack to succeed, but at the same time I hoped against hope that the submarines would manage to escape without disaster to themselves.

In four hours it was over; I still remember it all as if it had taken weeks. Later, I learned that the American warships had moved out to counterattack and draw the German torpedoes onto them; the transports were never in serious danger. Eventually, the wolfpack gave up

and headed north—mission unsuccessful.

At suppertime we resumed our interrupted lunch. I felt as if I had been reborn. Mingled with the sense of relaxation that accompanied the knowledge that the confusion of the North African campaign finally had ended, came a sense of gratitude to the American naval forces that had defended us against the attack of our own U-boats.

Ten days out of Gibraltar we sighted the shores of the United States, then a forbidden land to me. I was not to leave those shores for three years, three years which transformed me from a rather proud member of the Prussian nobility into, successively, a watch repairman, a deadline conscious reporter and, ultimately, a diplomat.

We docked at Boston. In the delousing station at the pier, a wall calendar announced that it was May 26, 1943. In the final, frenzied days of the African campaign I had lost all sense of time and it was a surprise to me that only three weeks had passed since the capitulation of Rommel's Afrika Korps.

It was quite a thrill to pass through the disinfection center, for it provided a hot shower with genuine sweet-smelling soap. It seemed like years since I had last used real soap and not one of our own ersatz products. I will never forget the glorious feeling of a towel which a Negro handed to me with a friendly "You're welcome."

It was not long before we were on our way westward. We traveled in a long passenger train and we were split into groups of 60 per car. Armed guards were posted at either end of the train and we were not allowed to leave our seats without permission.

On the train, I renewed my acquaintance with American "chow," first tasted on the ocean trip. I discovered such delicacies as sweet potatoes and corn on the cob, and soft, delicious white bread which seemed like cake to me after the years of gray and black German bread.

We had to use a bit of ingenuity to manage the washroom for shaving and bathing, but we worked out a successful system of rotation. As the train moved ever westward, across what to me were unimaginable expanses of land, the memories and tensions of the past began the inevitable fading process and I started to look ahead with interest to what was in store at a POW camp.

The windows had been locked in such a manner that they could be opened no more than the width of two hands, but we peered through the openings with the curiosity of tourists. I must confess we outdid each other in misleading explanations of what we were looking at.

Perhaps it was out of nervousness—or perhaps it was out of a sense of relaxation—but after two days of travel we began to sing. We sang for hours, every imaginable kind of melody, and

when the train ground to a halt in a small town, we were at work on a German Army song of World War I, "*Weit ist der Weg zurück ins Heimatland*" ("It's a Long Way Back Home"). An elderly man standing on the platform beside the tracks called out to ask who we were. I shouted in my school-learned English that we were German prisoners of war. The man shook his head in disbelief and said we had been singing an *American* army song. Only later did I learn that the song, "Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag," an English song, is sung to the same melody.

I watched the man talk with others in the crowd that was gathering. None of them seemed to believe me. A trainload of German prisoners of war in the United States? Impossible. Finally, however, one of our guards called to them and confirmed, with a laugh, that the information was indeed true, and that there were 600 of us in the train. Again, the group outside put heads together, studied us with fascination—and then, abruptly, turned their backs on us and disappeared.

It was our first encounter with non-military Americans and we didn't like it. I remember that someone remarked that Goebbels had been right after all; Americans hated all Germans.

But then came the experience that gave me my deepest insight into the American people; since then, I confess, I have been involved in an almost unbroken love affair with this great country. Suddenly, the crowd was back, that same crowd which only a few moments earlier had been studying us as if we were exotic animals in a zoo. Each of them was carrying something in his hands—for us! A young woman, I remember, had a bagful of apples, an elderly man half a cake, some children had bars of chocolate, two men in uniform had sandwiches. They handed up the gifts to us through the window openings. "For you, the war is over," said the man who had first asked about us. "We want to show you that we have respect for human beings, particularly when they are in need." Thus began my life in the United States.

It took three days to reach our destination: the little mining town of Trinidad, in southern Colorado. Our train pulled in about noon and we were marched directly from the freight yards to the campsite, five miles outside the town proper. For nearly three years I remained in that camp on the high flatlands near the New Mexico border. We were, of course, carefully guarded. Watch towers were posted at intervals along the barbed wire fence which surrounded the camp. Accommodations consisted of prefabricated barracks, subdivided into small compartments with four officers sharing one compartment. Bunks and blankets

(Continued on page 34)

WASHINGTON PRO & CON

THIS MONTH'S BIG ISSUE:

Should The United States

PRO

Rep. James B. Utt (R-Calif.)
35th District



IT IS MY considered opinion that it is absolutely essential to the survival of this Republic that the United States withdraw from the United Nations. The evidence to support this position is voluminous, but in the limited space allotted me in support of this position, it will have to be set forth in capsule form, covering only the main points.

The United Nations Charter infringes upon the constitutional authority of the United States and places the power to tax and the power to declare war within the U.N. and not in the Congress of the United States. These are two of the basic attributes of national sovereignty.

The U.N. pays little heed to its own Charter and, instead of keeping peace, has promoted war. The U.N. disregards the prohibition against interfering with international domestic affairs, as witness the interference in the Congo. Nearly every issue has been resolved in favor of communist governments, as in Laos, the Congo, Yemen, and in its resolutions condemning Portugal, Holland, and the Union of South Africa.

The U.N. is controlled by the Afro-Asian bloc in concert with the communist bloc, and 56 members, whose total population equals the population of the United States, have 56 votes to our one.

The real power in the U.N. has shifted from the Security Council to the General Assembly, which can override the Security Council or can act independent-

ly when the Security Council is not in session. Our Ambassador to the U.N. has either supported or abstained from voting on resolutions condemning our best allies. Through the U.N., the United States has supported the communist government of Sukarno in Indonesia. The U.N. made no effort to protect Goa when India's Nehru took over the Portuguese colony by armed force, nor did it make any attempt to protect Hungary from communist invasion.

Secretary General U Thant supports coexistence and states that we have nothing to fear from the international communist conspiracy. U Thant made concessions and compromises with Castro, which concessions and compromises have not been revealed to the American public. The United States can make no move against the communist conspiracy in the Western Hemisphere without the consent of the U.N., thereby placing our foreign policy in the hands of a foreigner. U Thant again endangered the security of the United States by currently stating in a public address that we must make additional concessions in disarmament, thereby supporting unilateral disarmament on our part while Russia continues to build up a first-strike military power.

The American public is rapidly becoming disillusioned with this world organization which is speedily becoming an international military, political, and economic dictatorship instead of an organization to promote peace. The American taxpayer is paying far too much of the cost of the U.N. operations, in fact, we are financing our own destruction.

James B. Utt

If you wish to let your Congressman or one of your Senators know how you feel on this big issue, tear out the "ballot" on the facing page and mail it to him.



PRESENTING BOTH SIDES OF **THE BIG ISSUES**

Quit The United Nations?

CON

Rep. John Brademas (D-Ind.)
3rd District



OF COURSE THE United States should stay in the United Nations. Communist opposition to strengthening the U.N.'s capacity to keep the peace should not cause the Free World to withdraw its support. Why?

Realistic men know we live in an age when the United States and the Soviet Union have weapons of a destructive power unknown in human history. Only fools, therefore, decry the sustained and tortuous effort to prevent nuclear war. And this is an effort in which the U.N. plays a significant role.

For, as the late Pope John XXIII said in his recent encyclical, "Pacem in Terris," the "essential purpose" of the U.N. is "the maintenance and consolidation of peace between peoples."

Here are some more reasons the United States should stay in the United Nations:

1. The United States is unquestionably the most influential member of the U.N. In the 17th General Assembly, the United States view was the majority view in over 80% of the 40 key votes cast in committees and full Assembly.

2. On repeated occasions the U.N. has proved an invaluable asset to the interests of U. S. foreign policy. For example, the U.N. was the forum from which the United States exposed to all the world Khrushchev's lies about missiles in Cuba, with a consequent sharp drop in Soviet prestige and rise in United States standing throughout the world and especially in Latin

America.

3. The U.N. has many times in its 17 years been the instrument for peaceful settlements of disputes which might otherwise have led to all-out wars.

For example, the U.N. helped bring: a cease-fire in Kashmir between India and Pakistan in 1948, an armistice between Israel and Arab countries in 1949, an easing of tensions between Jordan and her neighbors in 1958, a settlement in West New Guinea within the last year.

4. The U.N. has provided critical policing actions on behalf of the world community: the defense of South Korea against communist aggression in 1950, the resolution of the Suez crisis in 1956, the U.N. operation in the Congo to protect its territorial integrity and political independence.

5. The cost of United States membership in the entire U.N. system during its 17 years has been about \$1 a year for every man, woman and child in the country. Last year our total contribution represented 1/3 of 1% of our total defense budget.

The United Nations is not perfect — who claims it is? — but the United States is clearly getting its money's worth.

The United Nations is not a world government; it was not intended to be.

The United Nations is, however, both a symbol of and an instrument in mankind's struggle for an enduring peace and widespread freedom in a perilous world.

I have read in The American Legion Magazine for October the arguments in PRO & CON on the subject: "Should The United States Quit The United Nations?"

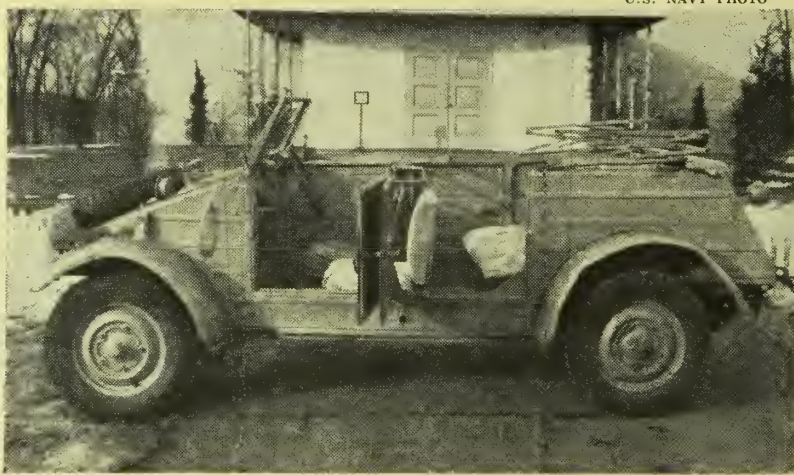
THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

IN MY OPINION THE UNITED STATES ☐ SHOULD
☐ SHOULD NOT QUIT THE UNITED NATIONS

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____



The Volks that invaded Sampson: guards were startled, officers shocked.

The Nazi Jeep and the Trojan Horse

A true account of the invasion of Sampson Naval Training
Center by a Nazi military Volkswagen in WWII

IN THE EARLY HOURS of December 17, 1944, at the Naval Training Center, Sampson, N.Y., two shore patrolmen chugged along the base's snow-covered roads in a motorcycle and sidecar, making their rounds on the heavily guarded base. The temperature was 18° below when, at 2 a.m., they pulled up at one of the mess halls for coffee.

Frozen and weary, they stepped stiffly from their machine — and were halted by the roar of an unmuffled engine. They turned in time to see a small open car approaching, a dark figure huddled over the wheel.

They didn't know they were looking at perhaps the first Volkswagen ever seen in the U.S., albeit a VW cloaked in the body of a German military vehicle.

"Who the hell? . . ." one of them said, but got no further. As the car flashed by, both saw the black swastika on its side.

The patrol, siren blasting, gave chase and forced the vehicle into a snowbank at the point of their .45s. The driver stumbled out into the snow, hands aloft. A slender young man of medium height, he wore a dark wool cap pulled well over his ears, a red knitted scarf, a Navy pea-jacket over tan flannel pajamas tucked into unbuckled galoshes. He had no ID card, but said he was Yeoman 3/c A. S.



Yeoman Kramer

Kramer, attached to the Public Relations Staff of Sampson's Ship's Company.

"Where do you think you're going?" one of the SPs asked.

The driver shrugged and opened and closed his mouth, but said nothing.

"And how did you drive that" — the SP thumbed in the direction of the jeep — "in here?" Sampson Naval Train-

ing Center had six guarded gates on three sides. The entire west side bordered on Lake Seneca.

The driver gulped and looked unhappy. "I didn't drive it in. A—a friend delivered it to me."

"A friend *delivered* it to you? Who is this friend?"

The driver shook his head. "I'm sorry, I can't tell you. The information is 'classified.'"

"What's classified, the guy's name or how he got this Kraut jeep in here?"

They locked the young man up and confiscated the car, then phoned the guard posts. At each, a startled guard had to have the question repeated before he could answer, No, no German field car had passed through *his* gate. The SPs then drove to the docks to see if the jeep had been brought in over water. But the snow there showed no tire tracks.

The Public Relations Officer, Cmdr.

John T. Casey, routed from bed, was equally mystified. His office had no use for a Nazi jeep, and he knew of none at Sampson that did have. Yes, he did know Yeoman Kramer, who, in his opinion, was a mature, reliable man of unquestioned loyalty. Commander Casey dressed hurriedly and drove to the brig.

Kramer talked freely to his CO.

His story was that one Lt. Cmdr. Chester W. Beaman, not known to Kramer, had "liberated" the jeep in Southern France, and had it shipped to the U.S. on the USS *Elizabeth C. Stanton*. The car was deposited on Pier 10 at the Naval Frontier Base on Staten Island. But Beaman, who had promised the vehicle to a friend, was ordered to the Naval Air Station at Pasco, Wash., 3,000 miles away, before he could claim it.

The car was the first Volkswagen the men at the Staten Island Base had ever seen. It particularly fascinated young Lt. George Kogel, in charge of Pier 10. Kogel requisitioned necessary repairs, and got the apparently abandoned jeep in running order.

Soon thereafter, Lieutenant Kogel and Yeoman Kramer, from Sampson, long-time friends and former college classmates, met at a party in New York when both were on leave. Talking together, Kogel mentioned the jeep. His description brought a glow to Kramer's eyes. A public relations man to the end, he convinced his friend that he should turn over the unclaimed jeep to Sampson for public relations events and bond drives. Shortly thereafter, Kramer received a quasi-official postcard ordering him to remove "his" car from Pier 10 *at once*.

But how to move it 300 miles and smuggle it into Sampson?

Kramer learned that a 12-wheel trailer truck from the Ship's Service was going to New York for supplies. With space to spare in the van, Kramer conned the driver, a buddy, into making a slight detour to Staten Island.

As soon as the returned truck had safely cleared the Sampson gate, Kramer was shaken awake by the driver and told to get the damned VW out of his truck and hidden fast. That's what the yeoman was up to when the SPs caught him.

The Provost Marshal at Sampson was shocked to hear how easily the base had been "invaded" by the oldest trick in the world — the Trojan horse.

But a bigger shock was coming.

A few days later, the commanding officer at Sampson, Como. Harry A. Badt, read a letter from a friend, Lt. Cmdr. C.W. Beaman, stationed in Pasco, Wash. It said, in part: "I finally located the German jeep that I promised you. It is the one now in your possession being used for your War Bond Drives."

Which is what Commodore Badt had wanted it for in the first place!

by A. Stanley Kramer

NEWSLETTER

A digest of events which
are of personal interest to you

October 1963

HOUSE VETS COMMITTEE PUSHES IMPORTANT NURSING CARE BILL FOR AGING, DISABLED VETERANS:

A bill of tremendous importance to America's aging, disabled war veterans and their families was reported out favorably, with a strong supporting statement, by the House Veterans Affairs Committee on August 14... The bill is HR8009, introduced by Vets Affairs Committee Chairman Rep. Olin E. Teague, of Texas...It would provide for increased Federal and Federally-supported nursing care for veterans who are in need of such care...Even more important it would establish clear responsibility for the Veterans Administration to provide such care, and thus be precedent-setting for the future nursing care needs of chronically ill veterans, who, though qualified for VA hospital admission, have faced a reluctance of the VA to admit responsibility for nursing care as a facet of hospitalization.

The Committee further made it clear that, if necessary, the matter of providing nursing care for veterans otherwise eligible for VA medical attention should not be impeded by the 125,000-bed limit on VA hospital beds established during the Eisenhower Administration.

Major points of HR8009 include the following:

1. Immediate availability of 2,000 nursing care beds in the Veterans Administration, without respect, said the Committee's report, to the administratively imposed ceiling of 125,000 beds.

2. Authorization for the VA to transfer VA hospital patients to private nursing-care homes, with the VA bearing the cost to the extent of $\frac{1}{2}$ of the average daily cost of maintaining a patient in a general medical and surgical VA hospital...At present this would be about \$9 a day, and could provide a substantial part of the cost of well-qualified nursing care in private institutions...Normal limit of such cost-sharing

would be 6 months, but it could be extended in special cases, under the bill.

3. An increase of Federal aid to State soldiers homes, for nursing care patients, from \$2.50 per day to \$3.50 per day, for new patients ("Newsletter" does not grasp the meaning of the restriction to new patients, unless its sole purpose is to encourage the state homes to open their doors to more nursing care patients.)

4. Provide Federal matching funds up to \$5 million a year to States which will construct new facilities for veterans' nursing care..."Newsletter" interprets this as clear recognition by the Committee not only of the present, but also of the tremendous long-range problem caused by the lack of adequate veterans' nursing-care facilities.

The bill has other facets which are important, but not so broadly significant as the above.

President Kennedy, on August 12th, supported one aspect of the bill, by immediately authorizing VA Chief John S. Gleason, Jr., to operate 2,000 nursing care beds aside from the 125,000 hospital bed ceiling...But the Administration appeared to be opposed, for the moment, to most of the rest of HR8009...American Legion National Commander James E. Powers immediately thanked the President for his 2,000-bed authorization, and the House Committee for HR8009, which goes far beyond the 2,000 beds...Importance of the whole bill, rather than just the 2,000 beds, is reflected in American Legion Rehabilitation Director John Corcoran's advice to "Newsletter" that there are now probably 10,000 VA bed-patients who need nursing care rather than "medical" hospitalization, and that his medical information was that they are not only occupying facilities not designed for their needs, but are not getting the type of care that they need...Further, noted Corcoran,
(Continued on next page.)

the situation will get worse, unless relieved... "The American Legion Legislative Bulletin" for August 23 noted that the House Committee may well need popular support for the entire bill, in view of the Administration's opposition to many of its provisions... It urged Legionnaires to write their Congressmen in support of HR8009.

"Newsletter" welcomes the House Committee Bill, especially since, with respect to other pieces of legislation, it has crossed swords with committee members... Last May this magazine published an editorial entitled "Do We Wait For Them To Die?", in which the case of old, blind Wilmer Summer-ville, of Georgia, was cited... He spent most of his last months of life as a guest in a jail because proper nursing care was not available to him, and finally died in a private nursing home which afforded him care as an act of charity... With HR8009, and its strong report in support of it, the House Veterans Affairs Committee has shown that it does not propose to "wait for them to die."

The American Legion has increasingly felt the need for such legislation since a resolution at the 1956 National Convention from New Jersey called for a study of the nursing care problem, especially among the aging and chronically ill veteran population... Results of the study led to resolutions urging the importance of remedial action, and to repeated expressions of concern from numerous state, national and local bodies of the organization.

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK: NOV. 10-16, PROVIDES SCHOOL ROLE FOR LEGION POSTS:

The 43rd observance of American Education Week will take place this year from Sunday, Nov. 10 to Sat. Nov. 16... The observance was started in 1921 jointly by The National Education Association (school-teachers) and The American Legion, as a result of a meeting at Des Moines, Iowa, on July 4, of that year... The purpose of the observance is to focus community attention on the schools and their problems, and on education problems as seen by parents and other citizens, through a bringing together of adult citizens, teachers, and school administrators in a planned, weeklong program each year in every American community... Like Boys' State, Girls' State, American

Legion Baseball, the National Oratorical Contest and other Legion and Auxiliary programs touching on youth and their training, the Legion views its participation in American Education Week as a vital phase of its positive Americanism programs.

While the framework of each year's observance is planned by the national leadership of the National Education Association, The American Legion and other co-sponsors (which now include the U.S. Office of Education and the National Congress of Parents and Teachers), the actual observance is virtually 100% local, and the Legion's role will be carried out by Posts which contact their schools well in advance.

Most school systems will include at least one open house night in the schools during the week, when the school staffs will be in their classrooms and offices to meet with parents and other citizens who visit the schools.

Parents in particular have an opportunity to visit the teachers of their own children... One of the functions of the combined local committees which sponsor the observance, in which Legion Posts should participate, is to promote a large visitation of the public at school open houses... Because schools consume more than half of the local taxation in many communities, as well as sharing in state taxation, schools are naturally subject to close scrutiny and are sometimes involved in local controversy... Sometimes these controversies have substance and sometimes they do not... In either case, closer contact between lay citizens and the schools tends to separate real questions from imagined ones, making the solution of school problems a less painful one for the entire community.

A town cannot but profit from such close contacts, nor can the education of its children... In many communities, particularly smaller ones, where it is more feasible, Legion Posts sponsor dinners with school-teachers during American Education Week... Reports of such affairs to this magazine over the years by the sponsoring Posts have been enthusiastic... Invariably, they report that elbow-rubbing at the banquet table has given both teachers and citizens new insight into their town's educational programs and problems.

OCTOBER 1963

Long Beach Baseball Team Wins Legion Little World Series

Arthur L. Peterson Post 27 is undefeated in finals at Keene, N.H.; Memphis Post 1 in runner-up spot.



The champions: Arthur L. Peterson Post 27 baseball team, of Long Beach, Calif., winner of the 37th annual American Legion Little World Series.

The baseball team of young men 18 and under, sponsored by Arthur L. Peterson Post 27, American Legion, of Long Beach, Calif., is the national American Legion Baseball champion for 1963. The Californians won the title in the final game of the 37th annual Little World Series at Keene, N.H., on Sunday, Sept. 1, defeating for the second time in these finals the team from Memphis, Tenn., Post 1. (St. Louis, Mo., Post 299, last year's national champion, did not reach the regional play-offs this year.)

Long Beach, in its first appearance in the Little World Series, was undefeated in this tournament of eight regional champion teams, which played a round robin, with two losses eliminating a team. All the players on the champion team attend or have just graduated from Long Beach Polytechnic High School. Eight of the 16 players on the roster (including five of the first stringers) will return next year. The team has been financially aided by the Long Beach Federal Savings Bank.

The champs are coached by Gale E. Taylor, in private life a Roofers Union official. Co-coach is former major leaguer Lou Berberet, a sales executive for McKesson-Robbins. Ray McKinstrey is the manager.

To win the championship, Long Beach had twice to withstand the challenge of the Memphis team, which won its seventh straight state championship

and arrived at Keene with a season record of 32 victories without a defeat. In the first game between the two, Long Beach stampeded the Tennesseans by 12-3. The second meeting of the two powerhouses was a squeaker at 5-4, with Long Beach almost losing out after holding a 5-1 lead going into the ninth inning.

The eight finalists, who got to the Little World Series by winning their state titles and then outlasting 43 other state champs in regional eliminations, were the teams sponsored by:

- Arthur L. Peterson Post 27, Long Beach, Calif. (National, Region 8 and California champion).
- Memphis Post 1, Memphis, Tenn. (National runner-up, Region 4 and Tennessee champion).
- Somerville Post 19, Somerville, Mass. (Region 1 and Massachusetts champion).
- Washington Gas Light Co. Post 44, Washington, D.C. (Region 2 and D.C. champion).
- Cone Post 386, Greensboro, N.C. (Region 3 and North Carolina champion).
- Funkhouser Post 8, Evansville, Ind. (Region 5 and Indiana champion).
- Omaha Post 1, Omaha, Nebr. (Region 6 and Nebraska champion).
- Umpqua Post 16, Roseburg, Ore. (Region 7 and Oregon champion).

The Californians set back the local favorite, Somerville (only repeater from last year's finals), 4-2, in the tourney

opener; Omaha, 8-1; Memphis, 12-3; Evansville, 5-2; and Memphis, 5-4.

The champions had brilliance and balance, power and pitching. And they came up with the American Legion Player of the year in second baseman Richard Dash and the winner of the James F. Daniel, Jr., Memorial Sportsmanship Award in outfielder Oscar Brown.

Dash batted .343 in the Regional and National finals and accepted 36 chances errorlessly. Brown, a fleet fielder and baserunner (specializing in double steals with his teammate Ike McCraw) and possessed of a bullet-shooting arm, was runner-up for the batting championship with an average of .410. Dash thus will have his photo enshrined at the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y., and will be a guest of honor at the Hall of Fame game played at Cooperstown next August.

The batting championship was won by Evansville's Jerry Mattingly, a 6'2", 185-pound outfielder who batted .413 in the regional and final rounds.

The Long Beach team's only anxious moments of the finals came in the ninth inning of the last game. With a 5-1 lead, Coach Gale Taylor took Lefty Bob Wiswell, his star hurler, whose won-lost



Ted Williams at the pre-finals banquet: "Pro ball can be a fine future for youngsters."

record before this contest was 11-2, out of the game when he seemed to be weary as well as wild. Reliever Terry Roe, who had pitched a fine game in the opener, beating Somerville, 4-2, never found his touch. He forced in a run with walks, hit one batter and forced in another, and watched a sacrifice fly send in a third run. The Memphis second baseman, Steve Betzelberger, scurried from second to third on the same play,

but a gem of a relay from the outfield via first baseman Jerry Martin cut the Memphis runner down for the game-ending out. It was the season's first defeat in 11 games for Memphis starter Wayne Atkins.

Those who saw Game #4 won't soon forget Jim Jennings, who had a no-hitter going for his Washington, D.C., team for 9- $\frac{1}{2}$ innings against Evansville, only to lose it. Jennings struck out 16 Evansville batters and looked a winner. With one away in the ninth, however, he gave a pass to Jim Brown, the Hoosier right fielder. Then, Jerry Mattingly, who was to become the batting champion, stroked a short fly ball to right field near the foul line that nobody could catch up with. It went for a single and put men

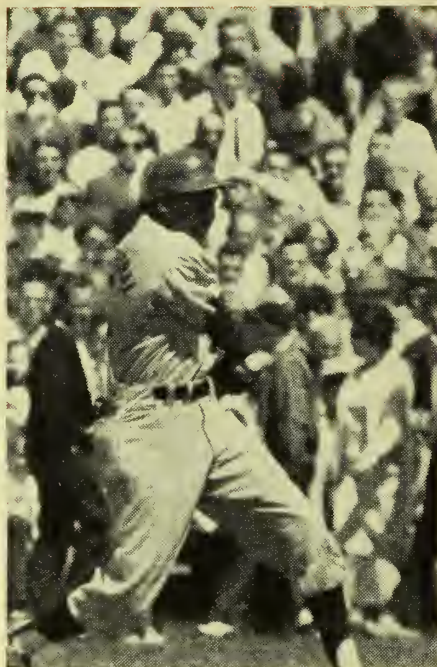


Richard Dash, Long Beach second baseman, was chosen Outstanding Player of the Year.

on first and second. Brown and Mattingly then pulled a double steal. When center fielder Mike Minton, a hustling ballplayer all through the series, crashed a double to right center, Jennings and Washington had lost a heartbreaking game.

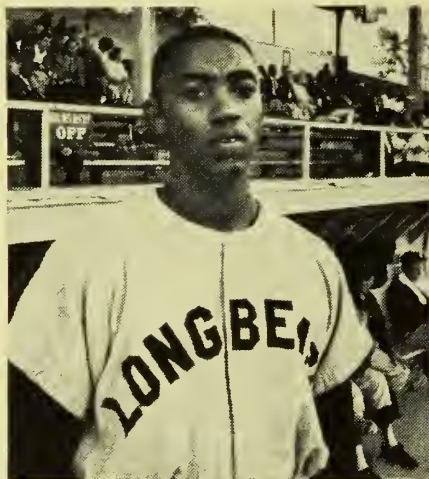
The only shutout of the finals was pitched by Wayne Atkins and John Ross of Memphis against Evansville, 13-0. Terry Roe of Long Beach gave Somerville two runs, and allowed Memphis five hits and two runs and fanned eight in the first meeting of the two teams. Teammate Bob Wiswell held Omaha to five hits and one run and smacked two doubles to nail down his 8-1 victory.

Memphis' Gary Eastburn fanned nine Omaha batters in keeping his season record unblemished at 6-0. His teammate, John Schroepfel, set down 10 Greensboro batters in posting an 8-3 win. Gerry Beninato of Omaha hurled one of the cleverest games of the finals, checking Greensboro with a change of pace. Wayne Nunn pitched Greensboro to a 6-1 win over Washington, giving up three singles.



Ike McCraw, Long Beach shortstop, was first man to bat in the finals. Later in this game against Somerville he hit a home run.

Somerville's Ron Amenkowitz took over pitching chores in the fourth against Roseburg with bases loaded and none out, and fanned three batters. The six-foot all-round ballplayer struck out 10 in six innings and won the game.



Oscar Brown, Long Beach outfielder, won the Sportsmanship award. He batted .410.

Oregon's Dick Williams in this contest fanned eight.

Among the batting stars was Roseburg's Jim Beamer, who hit two home runs and batted in seven as his team lost to Omaha, 13-8.

They all felt at home in Keene, where several streets are named for big league heroes like Smokey Joe Wood (Boston Red Sox), Honus Wagner (Pittsburg), Tris Speaker (Cleveland), and Ty Cobb (Detroit).

Game #1: Long Beach, Calif., Region 8 winner, edged Somerville, Mass., Region 1 champion, 4-2 to start the championship finals before a record crowd for

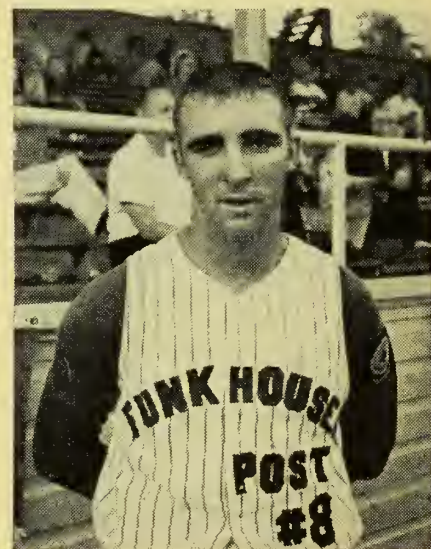
Alumni Field Stadium, 3,384. Shortstop Ike McCraw, a fine fielder with an accurate bullet arm, smashed a home run over right center field fence with one aboard and two out, making the score 3-0. Terry Roe allowed Somerville 7 hits, struck out 5, and was relieved in the 9th by Bob Wiswell, who choked off a rally. Jackie Mountain hurled all the way for Massachusetts.

Game #2: Omaha blitzed Oregon, 23-9, paced by Chuck Shimerdla, spectacled first baseman, who produced six runs on three hits, including a first inning three-run roundtripper. The Nebraska team belted 16 hits and ran like rabbits on 11 Oregon errors. Omaha held a 32-3 record going into this game. Tom Tvrdik got four hits and scored four times for Nebraska.

Game #3: Memphis, Tenn., brought its unbeaten season streak to 33 games by defeating Greensboro, N.C., in the afternoon game, 8-3. A six-run eruption in the eighth inning broke up a pitchers' duel between John Schroepfel of Memphis (who fanned 10) and Greensboro's Bob Hughes.

Game #4: Evansville, Ind.'s sky-scraping ballplayers jolted Washington, D.C.'s brilliant pitcher, Jim Jennings, with two sudden runs with one out in the ninth inning after being held hitless all through the game, winning the contest, 2-1. The D.C. team got only two hits from Indiana pitcher George Goergon, who fanned nine. Two more strikeouts by Ralph Mueller in relief for Indiana brought the total for the game to 27.

Game #5: The once-beaten Greensboro N.C. team got a great pitching performance from 17-year-old Wayne Nunn, who gave the Washington, D.C., Gaslight Post batters three scattered singles and one run, setting them back by 6-1.



Jerry Mattingly of the Evansville team won the batting crown with a mark of .413.

Game #6: Saved from elimination by Ron Amenkowitz's brilliant relief pitching, Somerville, Mass., sent a scrappy team from Roseburg, Ore., home with a 4-3 defeat. Ron came in to relieve Chuck Paglierani, 15-year-old hurler, in the fourth inning with the bases loaded and none out and Somerville holding a precarious 4-3 lead. He struck out the side with a blinding fast ball. In his six innings, the six-foot star, who is also an infield regular, fanned 10.

Game #7: The heavy bats of the Memphis, Tenn., delegation pounded out a 13-0 rout of Evansville, Ind., and brought the southerners' winning streak to 34 straight for the season. Leslie Wayne Atkins, who plays first base when not pitching, struck out six Indiana batters in six innings, gave them five hits (all singles), marooned eight base-runners, gave up one walk, and started a rally-choking double play. John Ross relieved. Ralph Gagliano, shortstop of the Tennesseans, got four hits, including a double and a triple.

Game #8: Lefty Bob Wiswell held the Omaha, Nebr., batters to one run and five hits, banged two lusty doubles, and drove in four runs in nailing down an 8-1 victory for Long Beach, Calif. Three of the Nebraska hits were bunched in the fourth inning for a 1-0 lead that could have been bigger but for a tremendous throw by Long Beach's Oscar Brown from left field which caught a runner at the plate and nipped a rally. The win by California was the eighth straight time that the team first to bat won the game here.

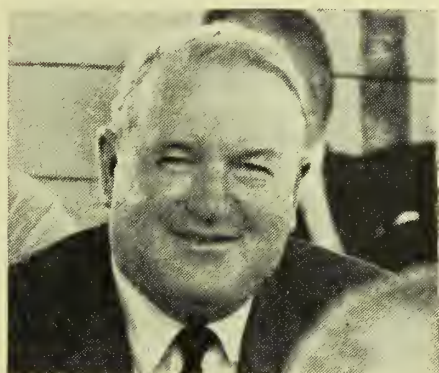
Game #9: Omaha, Nebr., broke the "home team" jinx when it batted as the home team and defeated Greensboro, N.C., 2-1 in 11 innings. Nebraska's shortstop, Len Boryca, hit a home run with none on as lead-off man in the bottom of the 11th.

Game #10: Evansville, Ind., sent Somerville, Mass., the local favorite and only repeating team in the finals this year, out of the tourney with a 5-2 defeat. The Hoosiers' hurlers, George Goergon and Bob Griese, kept the losers in line repeatedly when scoring opportunities appeared. The Massachusetts team got eight hits and eight walks off the two opposing hurlers but left 12 men on base. On the other hand, Evansville got only four hits off Jackie Mountain and converted them into five runs.

Game #11: Unbeaten Long Beach, Calif., loomed stronger than ever in eclipsing the highly polished Memphis, Tenn., team, 12-3, cutting off the Volunteers' season winning streak at 34. Before 2,600 fans, the West Coasters broke up a 0-0 game in the fourth inning with three runs, aided by Jerry Flynn's homer

with a man on. Then the gates opened, and Long Beach tallied four in the fifth, one in the seventh, and four in the eighth. Dick Dash drove in three runs with three hits, including a tremendous triple to right field, and Oscar Brown, left fielder, projected himself strongly into the race for the batting championship with four runs batted in on four singles.

Game #12: Memphis, Tenn., re-



Joe Cronin, American League president, saw the Washington vs. Greensboro game.

bounded from its first defeat (by Long Beach, Calif.) in 35 games to set back Omaha, Nebr., by 6-4. A four-run third inning, when Memphis put together three hits, two stolen bases, and two Omaha errors, was Nebraska's downfall.

Game #13: Long Beach, Calif., set back a stubborn Evansville, Ind., team by 5-2, utilizing speed on the basepaths and bases on balls by the Hoosiers' Ralph Mueller.

The records of the eight finalists are as follows: 1. Long Beach, Calif., 37 won, 4 lost for the season; 5-0 in the finals. 2. Memphis, Tenn., 35-2, 3-2. 3. Evansville, Ind., 50-11, 2-2. 4. Omaha, Nebr., 34-4, 2-2. 5. Somerville, Mass., 29-5, 1-2. 6. Greensboro, N.C., 32-18, 1-2. 7. Roseburg, Ore., 54-12, 0-2. 8. Washington, D.C., 19-4, 0-2.

Here are the round by round results of the 1963 Little World Series, with teams eliminated by two losses:

First Round

Long Beach, Calif. (Post #27).....	4
Somerville, Mass. (Post #19).....	2
Omaha, Nebr. (Post #1).....	23
Roseburg, Ore. (Post #16).....	9
Memphis, Tenn. (Post #1).....	8
Greensboro, N.C. (Post #386).....	3
Evansville, Ind. (Post #8).....	2
Washington, D.C. (Post #44).....	1
(All teams still in)	

Second Round

Greensboro	6
Washington	1
Somerville	4
Roseburg	3
Memphis	13
Evansville	0
Long Beach	8
Omaha	1

(Roseburg, Ore. and Washington, D.C. eliminated; Memphis and Long Beach undefeated; others 1 loss each)

Third Round

Omaha	2
Greensboro	1
Evansville	5
Somerville	2
Long Beach.....	12
Memphis	3

(Greensboro, N.C. and Somerville, Mass., eliminated. Omaha, Evansville and Memphis, one loss each. Long Beach undefeated.)

Fourth Round

Memphis	6
Omaha	4
Long Beach.....	5
Evansville	2

(Omaha, Nebr. and Evansville, Ind., eliminated. Memphis, one loss; Long Beach, undefeated.)

Fifth Round

Long Beach.....	5
Memphis	4

(Memphis, Tenn., finishes second and Long Beach, Calif., emerges as undefeated champion after 5 rounds.)

State Winners

Here are the State and D.C. 1963 American Legion Baseball champions:

ALABAMA:	Post 34, Tuscaloosa.
ALASKA:	Post 1, Anchorage.
ARIZONA:	Post 7, Tucson.
ARKANSAS:	Post 24, Blytheville.
CALIFORNIA:	Post 27, Long Beach.
COLORADO:	Post 81, Greeley.
CONNECTICUT:	Post 71, West Haven.
DELAWARE:	Post 2, Dover.
D.C.:	Post 44, Washington.
FLORIDA:	Post 12, West Palm Beach.
GEORGIA:	Post 50, College Park.
HAWAII:	Post 33, Hono Kaa.
IDAHO:	Post 13, Lewiston.
ILLINOIS:	Post 791, Northbrook.
INDIANA:	Post 8, Evansville.
IOWA:	Post 5, Cedar Rapids.
KANSAS:	Post 99, Russell.
KENTUCKY:	Post 23, Bowling Green.
LOUISIANA:	Post 38, Baton Rouge.
MAINE:	Post 21, Bath.
MARYLAND:	Post 11, Frederick.
MASSACHUSETTS:	Post 19, Somerville.
MICHIGAN:	Post 97, Adrian.
MINNESOTA:	Post 406, St. Paul.
MISSISSIPPI:	Post 1, Jackson.
MISSOURI:	Post 21, Independence.
MONTANA:	Post 4, Billings.
NEBRASKA:	Post 1, Omaha.
NEVADA:	Post 8, Las Vegas.
NEW HAMPSHIRE:	Post 1, Manchester.
NEW JERSEY:	Post 93, Trenton.
NEW MEXICO:	Post 28, Roswell.
NEW YORK:	Post 152, Newburgh.
NORTH CAROLINA:	Post 386, Greensboro.
NORTH DAKOTA:	Post 1, Bismarck.
OHIO:	Post 103, Ashtabula.
OKLAHOMA:	Post 4, Enid.
OREGON:	Post 16, Roseburg.
PANAMA:	Post 7, Fort Clayton.
RHODE ISLAND:	Post 79, Central Falls.
SOUTH CAROLINA:	Post 4, Orangeburg.
SOUTH DAKOTA:	Post 22, Rapid City.
TENNESSEE:	Post 1, Memphis.
TEXAS:	Post 399, South San Antonio.
UTAH:	Post 133, Salt Lake City.
VERMONT:	Post 26, White River Junction.
VIRGINIA:	Post 53, Front Royal.
WASHINGTON:	Post 88, Selah.
WEST VIRGINIA:	Post 1, Wheeling.
WISCONSIN:	Post 21, Kenosha.
WYOMING:	Post 6, Cheyenne.

A \$6,000 American Legion Scholarship → ship Fund for students in the area of Blowing Rock, N.C., was started recently by Blowing Rock Post 256. In the photo at right, Post Commander Elie S. Mattar presents the first check toward the fund to G. Donald Ebert, of Charlotte, whose firm, Fund Investments, Inc., will manage the fund for the Post. Commander Mattar is president of Blowing Rock Art Galleries. At right is Robert L. S. Snyder, Post scholarship chmn.



↑ FOR SECURING more than 500 members year after year (782 in 1963), G. Arthur Phillips (above), of Monahan Post, Sioux City, Iowa, was given the above citation on the stage of Iowa's state Legion convention this year.



↑ INDIANS OF Washington recently inducted two Seattle Legion leaders and Washington Governor Albert Rossellini (center) into honorary tribal chieftainship. The Governor became honorary chief of all Washington Indians. Dan Danilov, left, and Clay Nixon, right, Commander and Past Commander of Seattle Post 1, became honorary chiefs of Colville Reservation Indians. Real chiefs Eagle Selatsie, George Pierre and Joe Reed Thunder inducted them. Ex-Marine Pierre is a Legionnaire.

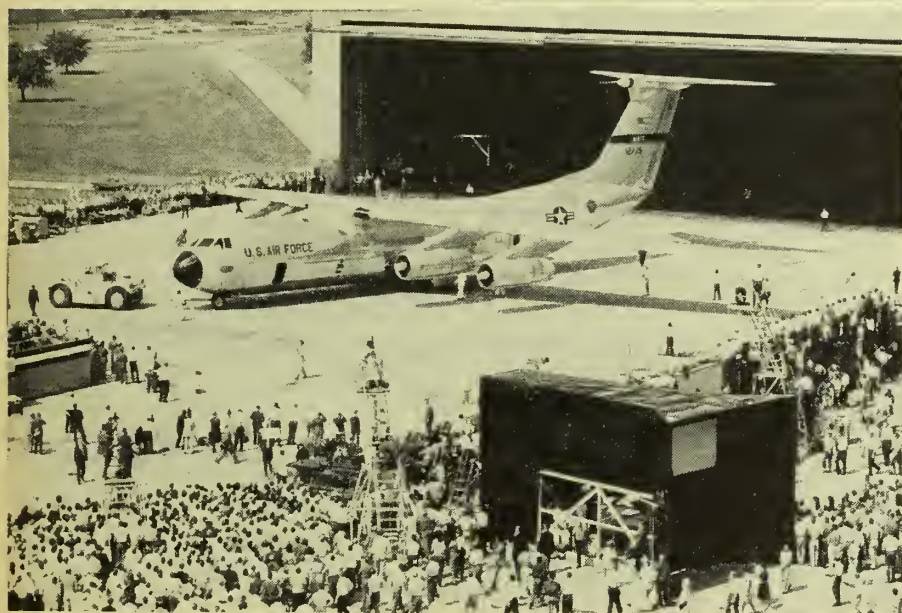


TWO WIDELY separated Legion Posts recently gave costly vehicles for community purposes. At left, a 9-passenger Ford Falcon bus goes to Harold Busby, director of a retarded children's school in River Grove, Ill., from Commander Joseph Matelske of River Grove American Legion Post 335. At right,



Post 87, of Alexandria, Minn., gives a 1963 Pontiac Station Wagon to its volunteer fire department, climaxing a year in which the Post contributed \$6,000 to community causes. Here, Post officials Eldon Rost and Bernard Sonstegard turn the vehicle over to Fire Chief Edwin Engstrom.

THE WHEEL chair at right is a very special one—a high-backed orthopedic chair designed for a patient with a high cast, who otherwise would spend his stay in the Brooklyn (N. Y.) VA Hospital on a litter. It was donated to the hospital by Bay Ridge Post 157, American Legion. Surrounding the wheel chair are members of the remarkable Hospital Visitation Committee of Post 157, which visits Brooklyn VA Hospital every other Friday to distribute books and magazines, run games, put on shows, and serve refreshments to patients. In the last year, their Post has donated more than \$1,000 worth of equipment to the hospital.



FEW EVENTS could make American Legion National Security exponents happier than the recent rollout (left) of the first 550-mph fan-jet Star-Lifter military cargo transport plane. The Legion for years has been urging the need to keep military transport abreast of the pace of military weaponry, for though it is less dramatic, global transport capability is equally vital to defense needs. Site of the rollout was the Lockheed-Georgia aerospace plant at Marietta, Ga. Scores of the 316,000 pound giants will be joining the U.S. Air Force by late next year, after flight-testing late this year. The Air Force designates the big craft the C-14A. A civilian model, the Lockheed 300, is expected to enter commercial service by 1966.

Legion Life Insurance SOME ADVANTAGES

Families of Legionnaires who carry American Legion Life insurance sometimes find that there is a unique advantage, particularly in trying circumstances, in carrying life insurance through their organization. In several instances, the machinery of the Legion organization, as a veterans organization, has located beneficiaries through channels not usually available to commercial insurers. Departments and Posts have instituted searches, successfully, for missing beneficiaries. In a recent case of a different nature, the insured, a merchant seaman, was missing and presumed lost when his ship went down in March of this year.

An American Legion Post notified the Insurance Department of the accident. However, the absence of a death certificate presented a problem. Normally under these conditions death cannot

actually be established until seven years have elapsed from the date of disappearance of the insured.

The American Legion, in a concerted effort, through many channels and in a remarkably short period of time, managed to compile and acquire sufficient evidence to establish beyond any reasonable doubt, that the Legionnaire was dead.

On May 8, 1963, the settlement draft of several hundred dollars was issued to the widow. A lapse of approximately two months as compared with seven years.

American Legion Life Insurance is available to members at a flat rate of \$24 or \$12 a year (the latter for half coverage). The amount of insurance reduces with age (instead of raising the premium). Maximum coverage is \$8,000 for the youngest Legionnaires. Policies terminate at age 70. Most of the country is covered on a group plan. For more

info and applications, write:

The American Legion Life Insurance Plan, P.O. Box 5609, Chicago 80, Ill.

Marching Music

The 7th annual Uniformed Groups Congress, sponsored by the Legion, is slated for Indianapolis, Oct. 11-13. This brings together representatives of marching bands, drum corps and similar uniformed groups.

COMRADE IN DISTRESS

Readers who can help this comrade are urged to do so.

Notices are run at the request of The American Legion Nat'l Rehabilitation Commission. They are not accepted from other sources.

Readers wanting Legion help with claims should contact their local service officers.

Service officers unable to locate needed witnesses for claims development should refer the matter to the Nat'l Rehabilitation Commission through normal channels, for further search before referral to this column.

Joseph G. Olsen, who served in the Army in the 1940's and formerly lived in Mechanicville, N.Y., is urged to contact "Comrades in Distress" Dept., American Legion Magazine, 720 5th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

The Kilmer Oak DOOMED

The Joyce Kilmer Oak on the Rutgers University campus in New Brunswick, N. J., must come down.

So sentimental an object is the famous tree, reputed to have inspired Kilmer's poem "Trees", published exactly 50 years ago, that Rutgers University appointed a special committee to determine the disposition of the huge oak.

The committee, headed by Rutgers Forestry Professor Richard West, met late in August to set the date and to plan the ceremony and what to do with the wood. The committee had no easy task, since requests for pieces of the tree and suggestions for the committee's actions poured into Rutgers from all over the country when the news went on the press wires that the old tree was doomed.

Joyce Kilmer Post 27 of the American Legion, in New Brunswick, which had secured Kilmer's birthplace in 1931, requested a full disc from the trunk in the form of a wheel, but Rutgers agricultural experts were not sure, prior to the removal of the aging plant, that the interior was still solid. Diagnosis of the oak's affliction was "old age." Its age is estimated at 300 years. This summer it had some green leaves, but no acorns, and it was about two-thirds stark and bare, in danger of being fragmented by storms if permitted to stand indefinitely.

When the oak is gone, its descendants will live on. Rutgers has planted numerous seedlings from the tree on its campus.

Joyce Kilmer's 80-line poem, with its poignant opening lines (*I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree*), was probably written when he was a student at Rutgers, from 1904 to 1906. It first appeared in 1913 in *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*.

Five years later Kilmer, still unknown as a poet, was killed in action near Seringes, France, on July 30, 1918, at the age of 31, while serving in WWI with the 165th Infantry Regiment.

Kilmer was a native of New Brunswick, started college at Rutgers, transferred to Columbia where he received his A.B. degree in 1908. Though he was an accomplished journalist, having distinguished himself on the staff of the *New York Times* from 1913 to 1918, and though he had published numerous volumes of poems and stories, all of distinction, "Trees" was the work that won him undying fame.

At the outbreak of the war with Germany in 1917, Kilmer entered the Columbia University Officers Training Corps, then suddenly enlisted as a private in the 7th Regiment. He was 30 years old and had four children and a

fifth on the way. He transferred to the 165th Regiment, and was a Sergeant with Intelligence in France. On July 30, 1918, one of Col. W. J. (Wild Bill) Donovan's aides, Lt. Oliver Ames, was killed. Sgt. Kilmer volunteered to serve in his place, and after an attack on the hills above Ourcq, he was found dead, shot through the head by the enemy.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

Clarence W. Bird, Director of the Legion's Nat'l Economic Commission, named chairman of the Committee on Disabled Veterans of the President's Committee on Employment of the Handicapped.

William T. Flanagan, Chaplain of the Legion Department of Indiana, given a Distinguished Alumnus Award for 1963 by Tri-State College, Angola, Ind.

James J. Condon (N.H.), has resigned his position with Legion Nat'l Hq as coordinator of national music and marching contests, for employment in private industry.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS

The award of a life membership to a Legionnaire by his Post is a testimonial by those who know him best that he has served The American Legion well.

Below are listed some of the previously unpublished life membership Post awards that have been reported to the editors. They are arranged by States or Departments.

Edward M. Jaffa and A. Lee Oder (both 1963), Post 7, Berkeley, Calif.

Frederick W. Clark (1963), Post 385, Boonville, Calif.

Robert O. Vernon (1959) and Wayne Thomas (1960), Post 420, Los Angeles, Calif.

Charles E. Boehme (1963), Post 465, Bell Gardens, Calif.

Louis Bennett (1963), Post 472, East Palo Alto, Calif.

Witold Peter Adent (1963), Post 562, Los Angeles, Calif.

Charles G. Kinsman and John W. Kline and Albert Kortum and Berton L. Lee (all 1963), Post 105, Julesburg, Colo.

Stephen Bomboliski and John Coolac and Charles Spencer (all 1957), Post 83, Branford, Conn.

Anthony D. Fabrizio (1963), Post 31, Washington, D.C.

F. W. Wodischek (1963), Post 65, Delray Beach, Fla.

John A. Stephenson (1963), Post 222, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

John J. Conroy (1963), Post 267, Ormond Beach, Fla.

John J. Burns (1963), Post 280, Hialeah, Fla.

Harvey W. Hull (1963), Post 222, Thomasville, Ga.

Peter J. Mandanis (1962), Post 1, Athens, Greece.

Kinichi Sakai (1962), Post 4, Hawi, Hawaii.

Reuben A. Barkling and Carl J. S. Bergman and James S. Russell (all 1963), Post 21, Chicago, Ill.

Harry W. McClain and Paul H. McNamara and Raymond L. McVicar and Charles B. Meldrum (all 1962), Post 348, Chicago, Ill.

Joseph N. Kaszeski and John Korba and Joseph Marzec and Walter J. Nowakowski (all 1960), Post 419, Chicago, Ill.

David Murphy and Walter Sloderbeck (both 1960) and Roy Cramer (1963), Post 10, Marion, Ind.

Allison Paxson and Albert Simons (both 1963), Post 66, Griffith, Ind.

Samuel Via (1962), Post 85, Indianapolis, Ind.

Edward J. Shea (1957) and Edward A. Anderson (1958) and Duncan S. McNeill and Josephine M. Nolan (both 1959), Post 27, Cambridge, Mass.

Joseph Tallisman (1962), Post 196, Boston, Mass.

Claude O. Dailey and Matti Warpula (both 1962), Post 283, Lunenburg, Mass.

Joseph Kapusta and Edward Mitchell and Fred Perlongo and John Rombouts (all 1963), Post 17, Iron River, Mich.

James C. Watkins, appointed Nat'l Director of Public Relations of The American Legion. He replaces Charles J. Arnold, who has resigned to return to government service. Watkins was formerly assistant director of the Legion's Washington office.

Raymond H. Fields, of Guymon, Okla., member of the Legion's Publications Commission, named to the Oklahoma World Fair Advisory Committee by Legionnaire Gov. Henry Bellmon.

DIED

Amos E. Hawks, of Miami, Okla., a vice chairman of the Legion's Distinguished Guests Committee.

Charles L. Brown, of St. Louis, Mo., Past Nat'l Executive Committeeman (1938-42).

Murray William McCarty, Past Dep't Cmdr of Utah (1920-21).

Henry E. Siebenmark, Past Dep't Cmdr of Indiana (1945-46).

Henry F. Balwinski (1963), Post 18, Bay City, Mich.

Ernest E. Ogden (1963), Post 20, Pontiac, Mich.

Charles E. Holmes and Walter A. Stanner and Frank Straub and Charles D. Trowbridge (all 1961), Post 26, Niles, Mich.

Donald Ryder (1963), Post 32, Livonia, Mich.

Harold J. Langsford (1959) and Louis Gullackson and John W. Nelson and Earl Scanlon (all 1963), Post 66, Negaunee, Mich.

Elijah F. Campbell and Borah E. Evans and George Love (all 1948), Post 184, Detroit, Mich.

Vincent A. Stace and George A. Strohmer and Bernard Snino (all 1963), Post 187, Detroit, Mich.

Cody A. Cooley (1961), Post 208, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Joseph DeVriendt (1962) and James Nonrjian (1963), Post 346, Farmington, Mich.

Nick Pettas and Theodore Speliopoulos and Spear A. Zachar (all 1961), Post 129, Minneapolis, Minn.

Sebastian C. Durr and William A. Shoemaker and Lea Testin and Frank E. Young (all 1962), Post 231, Minneapolis, Minn.

Florian Schmid (1962), Post 257, Springfield, Minn.

James W. Posten (1963), Post 291, Minneapolis, Minn.

Elmer Benson (1963), Post 299, Mabel, Minn.

William J. Propst (1957), Post 69, Columbus, Miss.

Joseph Baner (1963), Post 11, Hastings, Nebr.

Paul Krause (1963), Post 72, Pierce, Nebr.

Charles W. Goss (1962) and Edwin L. Estes (1963), Post 22, Lebanon, N.H.

William Taylor and Frederick C. Tiedemann (both 1962), Post 21, Cresskill, N.J.

Grover C. Ashby and Hubert V. W. Card and Fred Metzler (all 1959), Post 34, Montclair, N.J.

Sterling E. Appar, Sr. and Charles Kruger and Berkeley J. Leahy (all 1963), Post 63, Bound Brook, N.J.

Emor F. Smallwood (1963), Post 137, Ocean City, N.J.

Harry R. Cook and Harry Ellis, Sr. and Conrad Friday and Franklin W. Klemm (all 1963), Post 146, Riverside, N.J.

Earl L. Gary and Elmer C. Schomp (both 1962), Post 159, Flemington, N.J.

Harold A. Glover and Thomas R. Hamilton and Louis A. Pompliano (all 1963), Post 212, Cranford, N.J.

Thomas T. Hamilton (1963), Post 221, Ridgefield, N.J.

Alex Brzuzy and Daniel Salimeno (both 1963), Post 261, New Market, N.J.

Frank Emerson and Frank Wilczynski (both 1963), Post 284, Whitehouse, N.J.

Basil Sloucm (1963), Post 411, West Long Branch, N.J.

Edward J. Richards (1963), Post 13, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dayton R. Wells (1963), Post 82, Endicott, N.Y.

Ralph Fox (1963), Post 141, Manlius, N.Y.

John Prowse and John Ptacek and Harold K.

Robinson and Andrew T. Ryan (all 1963), Post 145, Long Island City, N.Y.

Lewis H. Hunt and George F. Kinney and Jesse M. Markel and Herbert J. Rossell (all 1963), Post 160, Great Neck, N.Y.

Merritt Alvord and Daniel Bardes and Leslie Benson and William Heid (all 1962), Post 188, Liverpool, N.Y.

Frank C. Gunther (1963), Post 212, Richmond Hill, N.Y.

William A. Snyder (1963), Post 342, Freeport, N.Y.

Xavier J. Benziger (1963), Post 365, Bay Shore, N.Y.

Alexander Dalmiani and Jesse H. Finkler and Samuel Gottlieb and Charles Held (all 1962), Post 391, Brooklyn, N.Y.

J. Charles Neville (1963), Post 422, Flushing, N.Y.

C. Laurence Creque (1963), Post 465, Homer, N.Y.

Myer Cramer and John V. Parker (both 1963), Post 476, Cohoes, N.Y.

Russell R. Kersch (1962), and Howard C. Gaise, Jr. (1963), Post 527, Hamburg, N.Y.

Virginia Hall Wellwood (1963), Post 690, New York, N.Y.

Harry H. Allen and Edwin E. Anderson and Manning H. Anderson and Robert A. Anderson (all 1963), Post 777, Celoron, N.Y.

Michael Behr (1963), Post 892, Allegany, N.Y.

Harry Maceda (1951) and Herman L. Hassell (1959) and Michael Tortora (1963), Post 1018, St. Albans, N.Y.

Fred Piantiere and Isidor Rubinstein and Joseph Stadlin and Samuel Tessell (all 1961), Post 1072, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Samuel Cohen and Meyer Gench and Dr. Joseph Golomb and William Kilnghoffer (all 1963), Post 1124, Bronx, N.Y.

Francis Howard (1963), Post 1636, Brooklyn, N.Y.

B. B. Halterman and William K. Rhodes, Jr. (both 1962), Post 10, Wilmington, N.C.

Dr. D. M. Morrison (1963), Post 82, Shelby, N.C.

Paul Anderson and Ed Boyer and Dr. Roscoe Bratton and Samuel Brewer (all 1963), Post 243, Galion, Ohio

Leland H. Cronin (1951), Post 389, Beverly, Ohio.

William J. B. Head (1962), Post 36, Coquille, Oreg.

Walter S. Metz and David M. Rahauser (both 1959) and John H. Atherton and Paul M. Crider (both 1960), Post 46, Chambersburg, Pa.

J. Ben Dubson (1962), Post 72, Palmyra, Pa.

Horace A. Burkett and John L. Gubicza (both 1962), Post 366, Philadelphia, Pa.

Charles Hall and Frank Humbert and Ralph E. Ickes and Gerald James (all 1953), Post 551, St. Michael, Pa.

Robert L. Kiss and Samuel Porter (both 1962), Post 578, East Lansdowne, Pa.

Juan H. Cintron (1957), Post 56, Ponce, P.R.

Charles C. Baker and Russell W. Barber and Vincent Cassidy and James J. Connolly (all 1963), Post 12, North Kingstown, R.I.

Thomas F. Casey and W. P. Nicholson (both 1960) and Rev. E. W. Cartee (1962), Post 52, Easley, S.C.

Walter J. Richter, Sr. (1962), Post 112, Charleston, S.C.

Lucian R. Freeman (1963), Post 164, Paris, Tenn.

Herbert L. Traylor (1956), Post 50, Crewe, Va.

Jack R. Adams and Edmund Lee Jones (both 1963), Post 1, Wheeling, W. Va.

Palmer E. Henderson (1961), Post 59, Stoughton, Wis.

Life Memberships are accepted for publication only on an official form, which we provide. Reports received only from Commander, Adjutant or Finance Officer of Post which awarded the life membership.

They may get form by sending stamped, addressed return envelope to:

"L. M. Form, American Legion Magazine, 720 5th Ave., New York 19, N.Y."

On a corner of the return envelope write the number of names you wish to report. No written letter necessary to get forms.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Reunion will be held in month indicated. For particulars, write person whose address is given.

Notices accepted on official form only. For form send stamped, addressed return envelope to O. R. Form, American Legion Magazine, 720 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019. Notices should be received at least four months before scheduled reunion. No written letter necessary to get form.

Earliest submissions favored when volume of requests is too great to print all.

ARMY

1st Gas Reg't (WWI)—(Oct.) Murray L. Ligon, 8 Jean Dr., Florissant, Mo.

11th Engrs (WWI)—(Nov.) Joseph Boyle, 326 York St., Jersey City 2, N.J.

77th Div.—(Nov.) William J. Knipe, 28 East 39th St., New York 16, N.Y.

80th Field Art'y, Bat D (WWI)—(Nov.) Herbert

A. Herrman, 52 Trueman Ave., Haddonfield, N.J.

110th Inf Reg't, Co D (WWII)—(Nov.) John D. Knappenberger, P.O. Box 466, Charleroi, Pa. 15022.

139th Inf, Co L (WWI)—(Nov.) Elmer M. Holt, 619 North "A" St., Wellington, Kans.

NAVY

2nd Naval District Reserve Band (WWI)—(Oct.) Samuel Silverman, 680 County Road, Barrington, R. I.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS JULY 31, 1963

ASSETS

Cash on hand and on deposit....	\$1,024,372.90
Receivables	187,580.77
Inventories	529,429.89
Invested Funds	466,217.47
Trust Funds:	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust Funds	274,411.44
Employees Retirement	
Trust Fund	3,374,748.09
Real Estate	814,228.39
Deferred Charges	81,519.30
	<u>\$6,752,508.25</u>

LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH

Current Liabilities	\$ 397,063.04
Funds Restricted as to use	26,306.62
Deferred Income	1,180,109.92
Trust Funds:	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust Funds	274,411.44
Employees Retirement	
Trust Fund	3,374,748.09
Net Worth:	
Reserve Fund	24,185.11
Restricted Fund ..	22,744.86
Real Estate	814,228.39
Reserve for Reha-	
bilitation	549,173.92
Reserve for Child	
Welfare	88,259.20
Reserve for	
Convention	60,000.00
	<u>1,558,591.48</u>
Unrestricted	
Capital	58,722.34
	<u>1,499,869.14</u>
	<u>\$6,752,508.25</u>

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HOW AMERICA LOOKED TO A GERMAN P.O.W.

(Continued from page 21)

were U.S. Army property and there was a coal stove in each compartment.

During those years we saw little of either Trinidad or its citizens, though tradesmen such as the laundryman, newspaper delivery man and the shirt salesman who came to the camp were pleasant to us. As for my association with the world I had known, that was limited to exchanges of letters with relatives. While we were at the camp, several prisoners escaped, but none remained free long. The longest flight achieved was by a captain who hid in a waste barrel and rode out of camp. He had almost reached St. Louis before he was seized by an American patrol. He left his olive drab coat over his seat on a train while visiting the washroom. An MP patrol spotted the coat and thought they had uncovered an AWOL American GI; they were astonished to find a German POW!

Today it is accepted that Hitler and the Nazis had been feeding the German public — and the German army — an unending string of lies, but at that time my fellow German prisoners and I did not realize this. I can't say that I learned the truth in a flash. No, truth came gradually — and the chief sources were the motion pictures and the newspapers which arrived daily. (I was amazed that *The New York Times* carried the accurate German military communiques. I knew they were accurate because I compared them with the shortwave German broadcasts on the radio — we had radios which we were permitted to buy from our monthly allowance.)

THE FIRST INKLING I had of the true might of the American army came from newsreel shots of the production lines in the war plants; Hitler had told us that Americans were soft and lazy, and that military production in the United States was broken off regularly by strikes.

As evidence of America's military strength grew, it became increasingly clear that we Germans were going to lose the war. We used to talk about this until the small hours of the morning, and gradually the die-hard Nazi supporters showed themselves — and were weeded out. There were, of course, undercover American agents among us, who served as orderlies. These were drawn from the ranks of German-speaking Americans. Slowly but surely they located the troublemakers, who were removed and sent to another camp. I don't recall that the Americans ever made a mistake in this effort.

During the course of the years, we set up a small camp university and a theater, with costumes borrowed from the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York.

Toward the end of the war we were able to buy our cherished beer out of our wages. Before this, we tried to interrupt the monotony of the days with some home-brewed schnapps. We built our own distillery and drew highly concentrated alcohol from oranges. This we garnished with coffee or cocoa, until the guards discovered the still and, to our dismay, confiscated our apparatus.

In the beginning, time passed very



slowly for me, but good fortune turns up in the strangest ways. It seemed that one of my fellow prisoners had been a watchmaker, and quite early he began to occupy his time by repairing our timepieces. Word got around and some of the American military personnel began bringing him their watches. Soon, he didn't have enough time to handle all the work and he invited a friend and me to help. Thus I learned the watch repair business, and over the years became quite competent at it as watches poured in for repair, even from the Trinidad townfolk via the town YMCA.

That I did not take up watchmaking professionally after the war I can attribute to the University of Minnesota and Prof. Ralph O. Nafziger of the university's School of Journalism. The Red Cross, always helpful, supplied us with all kinds of literature. One item which interested me very much was a brochure on journalism, for which I wrote to the university. Their correspondence course must have been excellent because it provided me with all the background I had when I later went to work for United Press and rose to the position of chief German correspondent for that agency. Later, when I was assigned to cover the Nuremberg war crimes trials for a news agency, I was to see and suffer through much of the same grim footage I had viewed on newsreel in the United States.

Thanks to watchmaking and journalism, the months rolled by quite swiftly, and I have since concluded that among prison camps, an American POW in-

stallation is apparently the paragon. Some of my colleagues suffered for years in Russian POW camps.

When the war finally ended, the reaction at the prison camp was one of relief, and happiness at the thought of returning home to Germany. Because of the shortage of ships and other means of transportation, however, our repatriation took almost a year. Our return trip was via Camp Carson, Colo., to Fort Eustis, Va., from there via Camp Shanks, N.Y., to New York City. There we boarded a troop transport which took us to Le Havre, France, and thence we traveled to Bad Aibling near Munich, where we were finally released. I went to the British zone of occupation, to join my parents, and I later acted as an interpreter for the British Military Government. In the summer of 1946 I became a newspaperman in Hamburg.

Today, there is no longer a camp site at Trinidad; the barracks and the barbed wire are gone. And I like to think of the removal of this camp as a symbol of the last chapter in the long and painful history of prisoner-of-war camps, and war itself. For several years, I acted as a consul and press attaché at the German Consulate General in New York City, a position in which I could dedicate myself to doing my part to build a new era of friendship and cooperation between my native land and my adopted friend.

AN INCIDENT which occurred while we were still in prison illustrates such a spirit of friendship and cooperation. A day came when the father-in-law of our camp commander, Col. Lambert B. Cain, died in the little town of Ridgeway, Mo. We were all fond of Colonel Cain, for we attributed much of the fairness and integrity of the camp operation to him. We pooled our pennies and bought a funeral wreath. Not long ago, I discovered, by chance, the address of Colonel Cain and wrote him a letter. I would like to conclude by quoting in part from his reply, which filled me with a warm feeling about the potential of brotherhood among men:

"The funeral services were held in a little rural church in the village of Ridgeway, Mo., and resting on the coffin were two large funeral wreaths, one from the German officers and enlisted men who had sacrificed their very limited funds to purchase the wreath, and one from the American personnel. In his funeral sermon, the minister dwelt upon the significance of the German expression of sympathy. The two wreaths signified the brotherhood of our two nations in mutual understanding and sympathy and united for all that is good and noble in the house of God."

THE END

THE CAPTURE OF THE GERMAN ROCKET SECRETS

(Continued from page 17)

Connecting them were some 40 other tunnels, each again about 32 feet wide and 35 feet high.

In one tunnel the north end was used by Junkers to manufacture airplane engines; the other end for the manufacture, assembling and shipping of V-1's. The north end of the second tunnel was used as a general machine shop; the south end for the manufacture, assembling and shipping of V-2's. The office of the Mittelwerke was partly underground at the plant, but largely in a former hospital at Ilfeld—a building covered with Red Cross markings.

The premises were carefully searched for documents or clues. None was found, although a pile of ashes disclosed the spot in the courtyard where records had been burned, probably within two or three days. Satisfied that there was no need for further search in the Mittelwerke surroundings, the Intelligence group began poking into the mountains adjacent to Ilfeld.

Possessing no information, and operating on no plan, they traveled every side road, crossroad and main road within a radius of 50 miles of Ilfeld. The group questioned many people, patrolled the roads every night until 1 a.m. and took turns standing guard at their own barracks. One morning they found the bodies of five Italian displaced persons left dead in front of their barracks. Another morning, on a lonely road, they discovered the bodies of two U.S. soldiers who had been shot while changing a tire on an American army truck.

IT WAS STILL several weeks before V-E Day; the forests gave protection to thousands of fugitive German soldiers. Following orders, gangs of boys from 12 to 15 years of age roamed the countryside between the retreating and advancing armies, killing and carrying out their roles of Hitler's werewolves. A number of them, mostly 12-year olds, were captured and turned over to the military police. On one occasion, three 12-year olds, one in Wehrmacht uniform, were cornered in a farmhouse. In the adjoining forest they had hidden several thousand rounds of small arms ammunition, machineguns and other weapons.

Disorganized though the search seemed, it was really systematic. Convinced that members of the Speer Ministry were hiding in the area, the Colonel decided the most likely place was a town called Blankenburg, about 40 miles from Ilfeld. "In Blankenburg," the Colonel wrote in his official report, "we found a school building with some miscellaneous papers bearing the Speer Ministry insignia . . .

"I felt sure someone who knew some-

thing about construction would be charged with hiding the records because if the Germans were successful in recapturing the area then they would have the records in shape for immediate use. I also had a hunch that when they hid the records they had done so in significant batches. If we could find them we would obtain a cross section of the entire Ministry . . .

"I made daily visits to the jails in the small towns to see if I could locate anyone who might interest me. After a couple of weeks, a part of a heavy tank company moved into Blankenburg and unearthed a German who knew something about construction. I took the man off the job to which he had been assigned, placed him under arrest and began to interrogate him. I figured I had nothing to lose by taking the position that I knew who he was, and all about him. This tactic brought unexpected results . . .

"It developed that he had been in the construction section of the Speer Ministry. As a second shot in the dark, I told him I knew he was charged with the building of a place and the hiding of the records of the Speer Ministry in a cave in the mountains not more than ten miles from Blankenburg. I told him that inasmuch as he was a German, he could use his own judgment as to what he cared to tell me. I could only promise him an attempt at protection. I could place him in custody, and try to look after him, but would not guarantee that he would not be assassinated if it was learned what he had done . . .

"He thought the matter over and told me he would show me where the records were. I immediately got an escort of half a dozen GIs armed with tommy-guns, and started to drive right out of town. We went about seven miles. During this period, he kept looking at me every once in a while. Finally, he said: "Turn off the road to the right."

"WE DROVE INTO the forest about three quarters of a mile, came up over a little knoll, stopped and he said the cave was right in front of us. I saw it at once and also could see it had been opened. He jumped out of the car in great agitation and ran to the cave. Meanwhile I noticed people living in a little hut. I asked them if they had seen anyone at this cave. They said some Americans had been there a few days before. I then went into a town called Huttenrode, which was nearby, and there found a few members of a tank company . . .

"In the yard behind the house the soldiers were occupying and in a big pile beside a chicken coop were records

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The Capture of the German Rocket Secrets
(Continued from page 35)

of the Speer Ministry! Luckily, there had been no rain for several days, and the records were in excellent condition. The German construction man was visibly relieved and said that when we found an empty cave he was convinced I would have him shot. I took him, and the papers, back to Ilfeld and put him to work tabulating and translating them. While the records were extremely important, we needed the top personnel of the Speer Ministry to decipher and analyze them . . .

"I continued my day-to-day visits to the jails, particularly the Blankenburg jail which the tank company kept filled with a constantly changing personnel. In this jail I finally found Dr. Frank, Herr Nagel and Dr. Bohn, three of the top people in the Speer Ministry. Dr. Frank was administrative head, and a lieutenant colonel; Herr Nagel was head of motor transportation for all Germany and a lieutenant general; Dr. Bohn was chief personnel officer. All three had worked with Dr. Speer in various agencies of the German Government in addition to being with him in his architectural business before he entered the Government . . .

"Taking the three men to Ilfeld, I began to question them. Beginning cautiously, I soon discovered a weakness that was common to almost every German "big-shot" we caught — they were steeped in fear, the result of living in the shadow of the Gestapo. Fearful of resisting authority, it was a simple matter to get the right information from them. With little hesitation, Dr. Frank said he would show me where the Speer records were hidden. He insisted, how-

ever, that he would not do so until after dark and then only if accompanied by plenty of armed guards . . .

"I agreed, and asked him to put down the location of the hiding place, and directions on how to get there. He did. The place was the same place and the cave the same cave we had visited. I then asked him to describe the records, how they were tied, how they were packed, and what they were packed in, explaining that I needed this information for purposes of identification. Suggesting I would like to have him write off this information and that he inform Herr Nagel and Dr. Bohn of what he had told me, I took him into an adjoining room where all the records were piled in orderly fashion . . .

"Astonishment spread over his face as he identified the orderly stacks. Expressing my pleasure over the good start he had made by telling me the truth about where the records had been hidden, I told him I wanted him and his two compatriots to analyze, tabulate and prepare a full breakdown of what we had captured. In Ilfeld we found four stenographers, three of whom spoke English. Borrowing typewriters from the V-2 factory, I put the three captives to work."

Among the records was found a letter addressed to a retired lieutenant colonel in which it was stated that he would be receiving certain records which he was to place in the safe in his hunting lodge in the Black Forest. The Colonel and one of the sergeants in his group set out to find the lodge — and did, just before dark on the same day. The retired lieutenant colonel, now in his eighties, denied knowledge of having received any records but, upon seeing the letter, dug

out the key to the basement from the dirt in a flowerbox beside the entrance to the lodge. The safe containing the records was in the basement.

The records were important, as they provided an analysis of the ability of Germany and German-held countries, as well as enemy countries, to wage war. There were statistics dealing with the raw materials available to Germany and her enemies throughout the world. The records were very much up to date, in fact, up to February 1945.

In one of many talks with Dr. Frank, the Colonel inquired if there were other records dealing with the Speer Ministry that would be of interest. After some hesitation Dr. Frank said that Dr. Speer had sent him all his personal records together with other records which he, Dr. Frank, had not looked at — and he would be willing to show where the papers were hidden.

A day later, the Colonel went with Dr. Frank to a hamlet in the mountains about 60 miles from Ilfeld. In a farmhouse on the edge of the hamlet, Dr. Frank turned over all the personal papers of Dr. Speer, his decorations, his letters to Hitler, Hitler's letters to him, and complete records on file cards (24 boxes in all) of the damage to Berlin, by factory, by percentage of damage, by cause — the records being complete through March 1945. Also among the records were complete drawings for the rebuilding of Berlin should the city be destroyed by bombing. They had been prepared by the Speer Architectural Co. and carried a date prior to September 1, 1939, the day Hitler declared war on Poland.

MEANWHILE, the Colonel had set about tracing the whereabouts of George Richkey, the Director General of all rocket weapons production. A report came in that Richkey was working in a salt mine 90 miles distant. Two officers, detailed to find Richkey, returned with him late that same day.

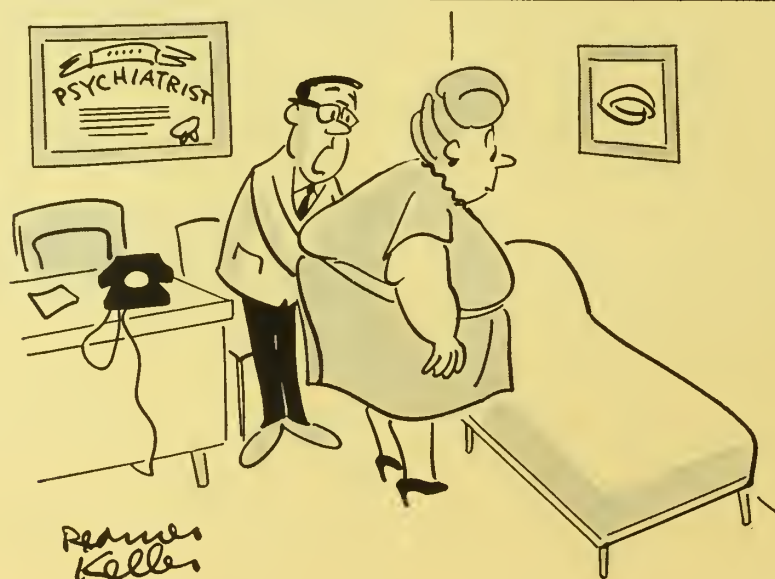
"It was a most profitable catch," reported the Colonel. "A nervous little man, who smoked incessantly and always brought the conversation back to scientific or technical matters, Richkey asserted he was pro-American, having two brothers in the States. He rolled his eyes in frequent agitation during our first talk, clearly expected the worst, and showed me a letter from the Third Army stating he had been interrogated and permitted to continue his work."

"You mean you were permitted to continue your work for the salt company?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you tell the officer who interrogated you that you had been Director General of the rocket weapon program?"

"No, sir."



"Now, madam, I'm sure people aren't as conscious of your weight as you imagine — easy on my couch, please."



ROD & GUN



Professional Dog Training

The dog is "man's best friend" only if it has been trained in simple obedience and good behavior. Otherwise it's more of a nuisance without which we'd be better off. Dog training is simple and the same rules apply to hunting breeds and house pets. Here are some of the tricks of the professional trainers.

The basic theory is that the dog will do happily what gives it pleasure, which might be simply a pat on the head or a word of praise, and will avoid what results in discomfort or pain. Most trainers reject the idea that our dogs generally obey us because they love us. No amount of scolding will keep a pup from sleeping on the furniture, but a few open mousetraps strategically placed on the furniture for a few days convinces it these areas are off-limits. For car chasers, professional trainers have a harsh but effective remedy. They tie the culprit to a car's rear bumper and tow it a few hundred yards. A more gentle treatment that works with less hard-headed dogs is to have a friend in the car the dog is chasing pour a bucket of water in its face.

For the dog with the annoying habit of jumping on people, the trainer's remedy is simple. When it jumps on him he wraps his arms around its shoulders and holds it clear of the ground while it struggles. With an especially hard-headed dog he steps on its hind toes. Of course, the dog's owner and his friends must cooperate by giving it the same treatment.

To teach a bird dog to avoid rattlesnakes, the trainer puts a large blacksnake in its kennel. The dog will worry the snake until bitten; the bite is harmless but sufficient to make the dog shun more dangerous snakes.

To teach a dog not to tug on its leash, the trainer advises that when your dog tugs, pull back on the leash with all your strength to flop it over on its back; it will soon learn.

Are such methods cruel? The trainers say that it is far less cruel to punish once, severely enough to teach the dog a lesson, than to torture it with half-hearted spankings all the rest of its life, or fail to teach it needed lessons. Tugging dogs, for example, are susceptible to throat cancer.

When teaching a dog *not to do* something, trainers insist it is important to administer punishment at the *exact moment* of the crime, otherwise it usually will fail to understand why it is being punished. When you come home to find Rex has stolen food or chewed a shoe or dirtied the floor, it is too late to punish. Rex must be caught in the act.

In training a dog *to do* something, however, the trainer usually is gentle but firm and must be infinitely patient, repeating each lesson until it is understood and remembered. Should he become angry or excited and shout, the dog which usually is trying to please, only becomes confused.

With patience and self-control, it isn't difficult to teach obedience to commands such as "come." In this case a long check-rope is tied to the dog's collar, the command is given and the dog is drawn firmly toward the trainer who then gives it an enthusiastic pat. This is repeated until the command is understood and obeyed without the rope. In teaching a dog to "heel," the trainer states the command and makes it walk on a tight leash close to his right side, tugs it back *hard* when it strays, meanwhile repeating the command, and pats it when it "heels" correctly. All commands are given only once, and after being given they *must* be obeyed, must never be allowed to pass unfulfilled.

There's only one thing even a trainer can't teach your dog not to do. If it likes to fight other dogs, you'll just have to put up with it — like a bad relative.

ONCE AGAIN Remington Arms has issued its fine catalog of sporting firearms, ammunition, traps and targets. They claim it's their most comprehensive catalog yet. It's 48 pages long and crammed with information on every gun they make. It also gives detailed data on Remington ammunition along with helpful suggestions for use in certain situations. They'll go fast. So if you want a free copy to spend some happy hours with, write to Advertising Division, Remington Arms Co., Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn., and ask for Remington Catalog AA-50. You might tell them we told you about it.

WHEN CHANGING FISH-LINE on your reel use your record player, recommends Tom Durham of Mexico, Mo. To wind off the old line tie the end to an empty spool fastened tightly over the spindle of the



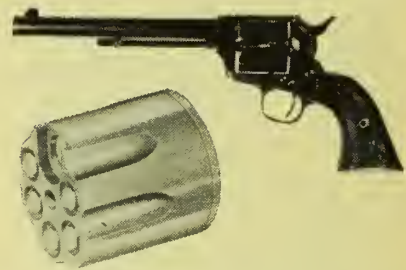
player's turntable, then turn on the motor. The spindle also serves as a convenient holder of the spool of new line when you're winding it onto the reel.

YOUR GUNS may look fancier and be more stable when you stand them on their butts in a gun rack or closet, but don't do it, says Steve Haley of Warren, Mich. Stand them on their muzzles. When on their butts, the oil or solvent you've left in their bores will seep down into the action, carrying with it a certain amount of dust and powder residue to really gum up the works. This oil will freeze actions in sub-zero weather, too. And did you ever get a squirt of oil in the

eye when you pulled the trigger of a rifle just taken from storage?

BIG FLYING GRASSHOPPERS are top baits for freshwater fish but they're fast fliers and hard to catch. Scott Marshall of Lake Oswego, Ore., collects them fast. He shoots them with a charge of sand from a slingshot. The sand stuns them and they are easy to pick up. You also can wingshoot them with your .22 and scattershot cartridges if you don't mind using dead bait.

SHOOTING LIGHT RAYS is the latest sport for handgun toters. It's made possible by a gadget called a "Pistolite," which replaces the gun's cylinder and is actually a small flashlight that shoots a concentrated light beam down the barrel when the gun's



trigger is pulled. The light makes a 1-inch spot at 15 feet. Excellent for that dry-firing practice needed by all handgunners, both sportsmen and police, it fits all single-action guns and costs \$7.95 from Tod-O Mfg. Co., Thousand Oaks, Calif. Specify caliber when ordering.

DOUGH BALLS are first-rate bait for many freshwater fish but the problem is to keep the soft bread dough on your hook. Tom Kubik of Ballaire, Ohio, offers his favorite recipe: flour, peanut butter and a little hot water mixed with vinegar. It stays on during casting and in fast water, he says.

SCOPE-SIGHT BOOSTER is a new gadget by Bushnell. It's a small optical attachment that screws into the objective end (not eye-piece) of your telescopic sight, increasing its magnification. It boosts Bushnell's 4-power to 10, the 3-power to 7.5 and the 2½-power to 6.25. Price: \$14.95.

FISH TAGS aren't only for little trout and salmon; now the big bluefin tuna of our West Coast are sporting them, too. They're made of yellow spaghetti-like plastic and are fastened behind the second dorsal fin. Should you bag a tuna with one, send the tag to the DFG, 511 Tuna St., San Pedro, Calif., along with all pertinent data and you'll collect \$1 reward for helping the biologists trace tuna migrations.

A WEB BELT, GI style, makes a good game carrier, according to an item in the New York State Conservationist magazine. Simply hang regular shower-curtain hooks from it; they fit the necks of ducks, pheasants, squirrels and rabbits. These surplus belts are cheap and readily available.

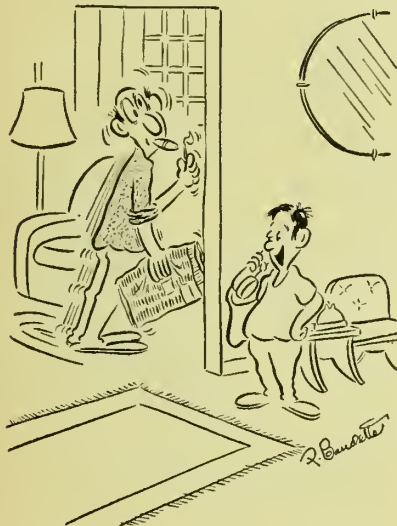
If you have a helpful idea for this feature send it along. If we can use it we'll pay you \$5.00. However, we are unable to acknowledge contributions, return them or enter into correspondence concerning them. Address Outdoor Editor, *The American Legion Magazine*, 720 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

"A FEW APPROPRIATE REMARKS" AT GETTYSBURG

(Continued from page 13)

table in the picture made that day by Alexander Gardner. Lincoln told a newspaperman with him that his own speech would be "short, short, short." Lincoln later told James Speed, who became Attorney General the next year, that half the speech was written the day before leaving Washington.

Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton was too busy to go but ordered a special Baltimore & Ohio train to transport President Lincoln and his party. After



"Yes, this is the lethal lover of Harrison Avenue! Who's this?"

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Lincoln objected to waiting until the morning of the 19th, departure was set for noon of November 18. A note from Stanton to Lincoln confirmed this and said, "A carriage will call for you." Several experts on Lincoln lore read the "a carriage" as "A. Carnegie." The future steel magnate and donor of libraries was in Washington during the Civil War but had nothing to do with this train.

If a list was made of all those aboard, it has not been preserved. Everett was already in Gettysburg, so accounts of his sitting across the aisle from Lincoln are imaginary. All cabinet members were invited but only Secretary of State William H. Seward, Secretary of the Interior J. P. Usher and Postmaster General Montgomery Blair made the trip. Gen. George G. Meade, the victor at Gettysburg, did not attend. He had been criticized by Lincoln for not pursuing the defeated Confederates, and stayed away on the excuse of military duties. But Lincoln's secretaries, his Negro valet William Johnson, numerous Congressmen, the Marine Band, several foreign diplomats and a number of newspaper correspondents came. Everett's daughter and several other women were aboard.

The train was made up of three

coaches and a director's car containing a room with seats around the walls. Lincoln, his cabinet members and his secretaries rode in this car. At Baltimore, where the cars were pulled by horses to tracks of the Northern Central, a baggage car was added in which lunch was served. At Hanover Junction the train picked up more passengers, took the tracks of the Western Maryland, and arrived in Gettysburg at dusk. In celebration of its 100th anniversary, the Western Maryland reenacted the trip in 1952 with Ray Middleton playing Lincoln.

UPON arrival, Lincoln was taken at once to the Wills House. After dining and refusing to speak to a small crowd (made up partly of local college students) that had gathered in the square outside, Lincoln retired to his bedroom. A little later he sent his servant downstairs for Wills and had a final word with his host as to plans for the next day. Lincoln had paper with him and worked for an hour by oil lamp on his speech. At 11 p.m. he took it to Secretary Seward who was staying next door at the home of R. G. Harper, editor of the *Adams County Sentinel*. Half an hour later the President returned with it to the Wills home and went to bed. In all, 38 people slept there that night. Outside Lincoln's door, Pvt. H. P. Bingham of the 21st Pennsylvania Cavalry stood guard and talked about it the rest of his long life.

Lincoln's senior secretary, Nicolay, later recalled, "It was after the breakfast hour on the morning of the 19th that he went to the upper room in the house of Mr. Wills which Mr. Lincoln occupied, to report for duty, and remained with the President while he finished writing the Gettysburg address, during the short leisure he could utilize for this purpose before being called to take his place in the procession, which was announced on the program to move promptly at ten o'clock.

"There is neither record, evidence, nor well-founded tradition that Mr. Lincoln did any writing, or made any notes, on the journey between Washington and Gettysburg . . . either composition or writing would have been extremely troublesome amid all the movement, the noise, the conversation, the greetings and the questionings which ordinary courtesy required him to undergo . . . but still worse would have been the rockings and joltings of the train, rendering writing virtually impossible."

Two early drafts of the speech have been preserved and verify Nicolay's words. The writing of both is regular, and shows no sign of the jolting of a train. The one marked "first draft" is

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Excelsior Medical Clinic, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

(Continued from page 39)

of only 239 words and covers two pages. The first page is written in ink on Executive Mansion stationery with the last three words crossed out and four penciled words substituted. The second page is in pencil on ordinary ruled paper. The 269-word second draft is entirely on ruled paper.

LINCOLN had employed some of his phrases in earlier speeches but never more effectively than at Gettysburg. His "fourscore and seven years ago" was a precise calculation of his phrase "80 odd years ago" used at the time of the victory at Gettysburg. He had used "a government of the people, by the same people" in a proclamation after the fall of Fort Sumter, and may have been first attracted by a sentence in a July 4, 1858, sermon of Theodore Parker, Boston Minister and reformer. He said: "Democracy is direct self-government, over all the people, for all the people, and by all the people." Lincoln underlined this in a book. A great merit of Lincoln's address was what he left out. Everett talked about rebellion, slavery, secession and treason. Lincoln didn't use these words. Nor did he restrict to Union men "the brave men, living and dead, who struggled here."

Lincoln's words were so few that he sat down before a photographer could adjust his camera for a picture, but several photographs of the march and the crowds, one possibly showing Lincoln, have been preserved. A painting by Fletcher Ransom in the Illinois State Capitol shows Lincoln speaking and the dignitaries who sat on the platform. It is impressive but inaccurate. Just behind Lincoln is shown Stanton, who did not

make the trip to Gettysburg for the event.

There was applause, but no agreement about the amount, as the President sat down and heard Dr. H. L. Baugher, president of the local Pennsylvania College, deliver a six-sentence benediction. In his long address, Everett had recounted the story of the war and the battle and had delved into the military funeral customs of the ancient Greeks. The speakers were more than an hour behind schedule in getting back to the Wills home for lunch.

In a remark to his friend, Col. Ward H. Lamon, who was in charge of the day's arrangements, Lincoln deprecated his speech, saying it was a failure and would not "scour," an Illinois farm reference to wet earth clinging to the plow. He was weary but there is evidence that he was in good spirits. He received telegrams from his wife and Stanton reporting Tad better. Of the day, John Hay wrote in his diary: "The President, in a fine free way, with more grace than his wont, said his half-dozen words of consecration—and the music wailed, and we went home."

The official history of the Associated Press says there is a legend that "An unsung agent" of the A.P. reported Lincoln's address to the world. This is true. He was Joseph L. Gilbert, who earlier worked on Harrisburg newspapers and later was a shorthand reporter in Philadelphia courts. Standing just in front of Lincoln as he spoke, Gilbert made notes but stopped when he noticed the paper in the President's hands. When Lincoln concluded, the A.P. man borrowed this long enough to copy the remainder of the speech. He interpolated "applause" where he recalled it and at the end of his notes wrote "long-continued applause."

A complete shorthand report was made by Charles Hale, a nephew of Everett, the main speaker of the day. Hale was present both as a correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser* and as a Representative of Massachusetts. His version was not published until November 23, but Gilbert's dispatch appeared across the country the next day, November 20. In New York, it competed for space with Everett's oration and with a lengthy local speech by Henry Ward Beecher, the pious Brooklyn windbag. Nevertheless, the A.P. text appeared on the front page in the *New York Times*.

Among other newspapers publishing the speech, some from their own correspondents, were the *New York Tribune*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and *Cincinnati Gazette*. In Gettysburg, the local *Adams County Sentinel* published the Associated Press report, and a second weekly, the *Gettysburg Compiler*, copied the *Philadelphia Inquirer's* version. While a few partisan papers scoffed, and many made no comment, praise for it was prompt.

"THE dedicatory remarks of President Lincoln will live long among the annals of the war," said the *Chicago Tribune* on November 20. The paper published the text the next day and commented: "More than any other single event will this glorious dedication nerve the heroes to a deeper resolution of the living to conquer at all costs." The Springfield, Mass., *Republican* of that day termed the speech "a perfect gem, deep in feeling, compact in thought and expression." There was also praise in the *Providence Journal*, *New York World*, and *Philadelphia Bulletin*. Though it had several correspondents at the scene, the *Washington Chronicle*, however, strangely overlooked Lincoln's speech. To make amends, it published a day later, and sold for 5¢ a copy, a 16-page pamphlet, "The Gettysburg Solemnities," with the address on the final page. Only three copies of this pamphlet have been preserved. One is in the collection of Carl Haverlin of Broadcast Music, Inc., in New York City. The Scottish Rite Library in Washington, D.C., and the Illinois State Historical Society own the others.

A little later, *Harper's Weekly*, leading magazine of the time, called the speech "the most perfect piece of American eloquence, and as noble and pathetic and appropriate as the oration of Pericles over the Peloponnesian dead."

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, a great speaker, cited the Everett and Lincoln speeches as illustrative of the difference between elocution and true oratory, between what is said and what is felt.

"The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten," he said. "It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust."



"I hate to be a spoilsport, Ted, but I think we're supposed to refund their money cheerfully".

The speech of Everett will never be read. The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture. The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places the thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words. . . ."

Half a century after it was delivered, Earl Curzon, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, termed it "a supreme masterpiece" of English eloquence.

To his credit, Everett was quick to



"Can't you pour it without that thunderous splash?"

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

appreciate Lincoln's words. In a graceful letter thanking the President for his courtesy to the orator's daughter, Everett next day wrote: "I should be glad, if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours, as you did in two minutes." Everett later asked the President to make a copy of the address for auction with his own manuscript at a Sanitary Fair in New York. Lincoln was happy to do so.

Wills, his host at Gettysburg, asked for one "to be placed with the correspondence and other papers" connected with the cemetery. According to a later account by Nicolay, Lincoln complied. He wrote another for George Bancroft, the historian, whose stepson, Lt. Col. Alexander Bliss, then at Fort McHenry, was publishing a facsimile collection of the writings of famous authors for sale at a Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair in Baltimore in 1864. Lincoln neglected to title or sign it, as other contributors were doing, and was asked to provide another. He did so, thus making a total of six that he had written.

The first two remained in the papers that his secretaries, Nicolay and Hay,

used to write their monumental biography of Lincoln. Serial rights to this were sold to the *Century Magazine* for \$50,000. The copies continued in the possession of the family of Hay, who became Ambassador to Great Britain and Secretary of State. After Hay's death in 1905, they were misplaced for a time but Mrs. Hay found them. Maj. William H. Lambert, a wealthy Philadelphia collector, and J. P. Morgan attempted to buy one from her, the latter offering \$50,000, but she refused. The Hay children, Clarence L. Hay, Helen Whitney and Alice Wadsworth, gave the manuscripts to the Library of Congress on April 11, 1916. They toured the country on the Freedom train in 1947-1948 and one is on display in the Civil War Exhibit in the main lobby of the Library in Washington.

CARLOS PIERCE, a railroad financier, paid \$1,000 at the New York Sanitary Fair in 1864 for the copy given Everett. It was inherited by Pierce's nephew, Henry W. Keyes, who was U.S. Senator from New Hampshire. For many years, he read it on the Senate floor each Lincoln's Birthday. He sold it somewhat reluctantly for \$100,000 early in 1930 to Thomas F. Madigan, the famous New York autograph dealer. In his "Word Shadows of the Great," published that year, Madigan lauded it as "the most valuable, the most important manuscript that is now or is ever likely to come within the range of even the wealthiest collector's powers of acquisition." He sold it for \$150,000 to James C. Ames, head of a Chicago investment banking firm, who, with the depression developing, kept his ownership of the manuscript secret. After his death in 1943, an appraiser valued it at \$60,000. Mrs. Ames sold it at this figure to the Illinois State Historical Society at Springfield. Chicago merchant Marshall Field subscribed \$10,000 and school children most of the remainder.

Colonel Bliss' book, "Autograph Leaves of Our Country's Authors," was published on schedule, but neither of the original copies sent to Baltimore for auction was sold. The bidding failed to reach \$1,000.

Bancroft, who had been Secretary of the Navy when the U.S. Naval Academy was founded, kept the unsigned copy. While he left the bulk of his papers to the Lenox Library, a forerunner of the New York Public Library, this manuscript was inherited by his grandson, Wilder D. Bancroft, Professor of Chemistry at Cornell University. Professor Bancroft kept it in his Ithaca home for years, but in 1931 sold it to Madigan for \$90,000.

Madigan had less luck with this copy. The depression deepened before he could find a buyer. Shortly before his

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LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

(Continued from page 41)

death in 1936, he and Arthur Zinkin, owner of the Meridan Bookstore in Indianapolis, negotiated sale of the manuscript and Lincoln's accompanying letter for "something more than \$50,000" to Mrs. Nicholas H. Noyes. She is a member of the Lilly family of Indianapolis who have given a library of rarities to Indiana University and is the wife of an alumnus and trustee of Cornell. The manuscript later was appraised at \$100,000 by David A. Randall, rare books expert. In 1949, Mrs. Noyes added it to the Noyes Collection at Cornell, which includes other Lincoln documents as well as a complete collection of letters from signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is mounted between removable plastic sheets in the Cornell University Library which has insured it for \$100,000. Zinkin is now a publisher of children's books and recordings in New York City.

THE signed and dated Baltimore copy, the last made by Lincoln, was inherited by Colonel Bliss' son, Prof. William J. A. Bliss of Johns Hopkins, and then by his widow. It held Lincoln's final thoughts on the text. Madigan might have bought this manuscript too, had he not studied it through a magnifying glass. Mrs. Bliss thought he was questioning the authenticity of the document and threw him out. It was auctioned for \$54,000 at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York in 1949 to Oscar B. Cintas, a former Cuban Ambassador to the United States.

Guarded by Pinkerton men, the three copies that had been sold and the Library of Congress copies were brought together at the Chicago Historical So-

ciety in 1950 by Paul M. Angle for an exhibit commemorating the 87th Anniversary of the address, and were then shown for a week at the Library of Congress. In a booklet, Guy Allison of Glendale, Calif., adding all the above figures, calculates that collectors have valued the famous address at \$2,225-a-word. This is an odd bit of accounting, but James C. Ames certainly paid \$555-a-word for his copy, very likely a record of some kind.

Cintas displayed his copy along with valuable paintings in the library of his Havana home. When a visitor entered, the door was locked behind him. Armed guards were on duty at all times. When Cintas died in May, 1957, the manuscript was in a First National City Bank box in New York. At that time it was discovered that he had made two wills.

By one made 11 days before his death, he left to the Cintas Foundation his personal property "paintings and other works of art owned by me and located in New York City." But a 1953 will in Cintas' own hand specifically mentioned the Gettysburg manuscript and said: "I wish to give it to the White House in Washington to be deposited in the Lincoln Room with my compliments." While attorneys argued, it was moved to a vault of the Chase Manhattan Bank, executor of the estate.

Litigants fought over the Cintas paintings which were auctioned last May at Parke-Bernet for \$1,280,500, but all soon agreed the White House should have the manuscript. It was removed from the bank vault with some ceremony and carried in a blue leather, gold-tooled case to Washington, D. C., by special messenger as something of a 1959 birthday present to President Dwight D. Eisenhower. It is in the Lincoln Room

just as Ambassador Cintas had wished.

The copy that Lincoln is supposed to have made for Judge Wills of Gettysburg is missing. Wills, who was president of the Gettysburg National Bank in his last years, died suddenly on October 27, 1894. He was quoted later by Major Lambert as saying he never received a copy in Lincoln's hand and Dr. David C. Mearns, Director of the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress, believes the second copy from the Hay family was prepared for Wills but was never sent to him. When selling later copies, Madigan, the autograph dealer, contended Wills never received one but the evidence is strong that he received something.

Wills' letter of November 23, 1863, asking for "the original manuscript of the Dedicatory Remarks" is in the Lincoln papers given the Library of Congress by Robert Todd Lincoln. Nicolay recorded that one was sent, and the text, a little different from the press reports, was included in the report of Judge Wills' committee as published at Harrisburg by Singerly & Myers, printers for the state. Carl Sandburg and other Lincoln scholars are certain something was sent but it may have been just a corrected newspaper clipping.

THE Wills House, no longer owned by this family, still stands on the square at Gettysburg, a block from General Eisenhower's office. The ground floor is a drug store and the upstairs a museum. For 50¢ the tourist can see the room in which Lincoln worked on his address. A wall in the next room is covered by a copy of the address carved out of wood from Ford's Theatre, a tree over Ann Rutledge's grave and wood from other scenes of Lincoln's history. Facsimiles of five versions of the speech are displayed but there is no mention of the Wills copy.

What has become of it? Herman Blum, founder and director of the Blumhaven Library in Philadelphia, offered a \$5,000 reward for its discovery in 1953, without results. It may have gone to the Harrisburg printers in 1864. It may have gone to the National Archives in Washington a few years later when the federal government took over the cemetery. (The picture that may show Lincoln at Gettysburg was discovered in the Mathew Brady negatives in the National Archives a few years ago.) The copy may have been among some Wills family papers removed from storage in 1916 and destroyed to save charges. Mrs. Thomas Preston of Philadelphia, a granddaughter of Judge Wills, is of this opinion. Or it still may be resting in some Pennsylvania attic. If in Lincoln's hand, it would be his earliest copy with "under God." It would be worth at least \$50,000. Any clues? THE END



"Miss Weems, dust these for fingerprints!"

PERSONAL

Easy Mortgage Money Why It Pays To Save Billiards Comes Back

Homeowners rapidly are catching onto the fact that they can get mortgage money for just about any purpose they choose. Boats, splashy vacations, college educations — you name it — now are being financed that way. Here's a hypothetical example:

- Let's say you need \$5,000 to send your boy to college, and you want a loan that's repayable in very easy bites.
- Part — if not all — of the mortgage on your home has been repaid. In any event, you figure the property is in good enough financial shape to back up a loan.
- So you ask your bank to slap a new \$5,000 mortgage on the premises — at 5½% to 6% interest over ten, 20, or 30 years.
- If the loan comes through, you can send your boy to college for \$29.98 a month on a 30-year, 6% mortgage; \$35.83 on a 20-year agreement; or \$55.52 on a ten-year haul.

This method of getting longterm money has become so popular that mortgage-borrowing now far exceeds the sums spent on new-home construction. Moreover, lending institutions are beginning to advertise their eagerness to refinance your existing mortgage.

The two big appeals of such a deal, of course, are: 1) the easy monthly payments, 2) the relatively low interest rate.

But keep this in mind: Since you are repaying over a long period of time, the interest mounts up. Specifically: If you have a \$5,000 mortgage at 6% for ten years, your payments will total \$6,660; over 20 years, they will pile up to \$8,600; and for 30 years, they will be \$10,800.

★ ★ ★

If you're a saver instead of a spender, you're in a strong situation these days. Interest rates have been firming steadily, partly as the result of Government measures to keep dollars at home. Here's what your savings currently will earn for you:

- U.S. Savings Bonds (E and H): 3¾% when held to maturity.
- Savings accounts: 3½% to over 4% depending on where you deposit and for what length of time.
- Savings and loan associations: Along the Pacific Coast they're promising as much as 4.85% compounded daily (4.97% annually).

Meantime the yield on common stock has been running slightly over 3.2%; for top grade bonds, the figure is around 4.25%.

★ ★ ★

More and more everyday electronic gear is being rigged up with transistors — instead of tubes — these days to add to reliability and to save space.

You'll notice the trend in this fall's new phonograph lines. The transistorized amplifier is the big rage. Just about all major manufacturers are boasting better performance and more oomph because of the tiny components.

Meantime, Polaroid has a new automatic camera with no mechanical timing mechanism whatsoever. Instead, a transistorized device shuts off the light intake when it's sufficient to create an image on the film.

★ ★ ★

Pocket billiards (once called "pool") is making a tremendous comeback, both in the home and as a business enterprise. Note that baseball star Mickey Mantle has just launched a "Billiard Center Franchise System," thus getting into an area pioneered by billiard champ Willie Mosconi, who already oversees a nationwide string of establishments.

Roughly, here are the economics of a pocket billiard franchise system: Your setup should have at least 12 tables (some go as high as 50). The works — tables, fittings, and accessories — will cost about \$2,200 per table. In other words, a complete 12-table setup will run around \$27,000, exclusive of real estate. The franchise operator will loan up to 80% of the layout and charge \$50 per table per year thereafter. For this he provides the know-how, stages exhibitions, and generally supervises the business.

The two major keys to success are: 1) getting a respectable all-family trade, and 2) organizing teams or leagues, similar to bowling leagues (in fact, many of the successful pocket billiard operations are run in conjunction with bowling alleys). Customers pay \$2 to \$2.50 per table per hour — potentially a high rate of return.

By Edgar A. Grunwald

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tucky Rifles and many collectors realize that they should be called Pennsylvania Rifles since the true Kentucky Rifle developed in Pennsylvania. These rifles were made principally in and around Lancaster County, Pa., although many were made in other states. Originally they had no special name but through the years collectors and historians continued to call them Kentucky Rifles, and it is too late to change their name.

Although Kentucky Rifles in both flintlock and percussion types were used in our early wars, they were never officially adopted as U.S. Martial Shoulder Arms for several reasons, the principal one being that they were handmade. Hence no two were ever made exactly alike, even when produced by the same man. Second, they were not made to hold a bayonet, and finally, they were rifled arms in an age when the War and Navy Departments were clinging to smoothbores for general issue to the armed forces.

IN 1940, genuine Kentucky flintlock rifles in their original condition retailed at about \$100 in good condition and about \$150 in fine condition. Kentucky Rifles altered from flintlock to percussion retailed at about \$40 in good condition and about \$60 in fine condition. In 1963, genuine Kentucky Rifles in their original flintlock condition sold for about \$400 in good condition and about \$600 in fine condition. Genuine Kentucky Rifles originally made as flintlocks and then altered to percussion rifles have been selling for about \$250 in good condition and about \$375 in fine

condition. Genuine specimens which were originally made as percussion arms retail for about \$200 in good condition and about \$300 in fine condition.

COLLECTORS, including both beginners and advanced hobbyists, must be very careful that they do not buy a Kentucky Rifle originally made as a percussion weapon and then converted back to flintlock to obtain a higher price. Many experts will not buy such fakes and those who do buy them are foolish to pay more than \$100 in good condition or more than \$150 in fine condition.

Even worse are the so-called "reproductions" which are advertised openly for sale in otherwise reputable magazines of large national circulation. Although some of the manufacturers and dealers who sell these fakes stamp "Reproduction" or some other indication of lack of authenticity on the rifles, such marks are easily removed and replaced by fraudulent names and dates for the purpose of increasing the price when they are sold to unsuspecting purchasers.

The same men who made the Kentucky Rifles also made what we now call Kentucky Pistols, both flintlock and percussion, but all of those who made the Kentucky Rifles did not make the pistols and those who did, produced them in very small quantities, hence genuine Kentucky Pistols, both flintlock and percussion, are very rare.

Rarity in itself does not cause high prices in the absence of demand. Until about 1939, Kentucky Pistols were classified by collectors, dealers and museum curators as cavalry pistols, horsemen's

pistols, great-coat pistols, and by other terms, but in that year Calvin Hetrick, of New Enterprise, Pa., began to correspond with experts in an effort to get them to recognize the Kentucky Pistol as a distinctive type.

In 1940, the greatest firearm experts in America came to an agreement that the true Kentucky Pistol is the short arm made by the same gunsmiths who made the Kentucky Rifle. They announced that these are really miniature Kentucky Rifles, with the characteristic "Kentucky" slender stocks, and made with rifle-like "furniture" — trigger guards, ramrod thimbles, muzzle caps, etc. Most true Kentucky Rifles and Pistols are fully stocked, which means the stock extends to the muzzle or almost to the muzzle.

In spite of the rarity of Kentucky Pistols, there was not much demand for them in 1940 because few collectors realized their importance, hence many of them were sold for about \$80 in good condition and for about \$120 in fine condition. These were prices for genuine specimens in their original flintlock condition. Those made as percussion pistols or converted from flintlock to percussion, sold for much less. In 1963, the same pistols in their original flintlock condition, when genuine, and available, retailed in good condition for prices ranging from \$700 to \$1,050 and in fine condition for prices ranging from \$1,000 to \$1,500. During 1963, genuine Kentucky Pistols originally made as percussion arms, or converted from flintlock to percussion, were almost as expensive and as difficult to find.



"May I have a moment of your time?"

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

ALL Remington percussion arms and early cartridge arms, both hand guns and shoulder arms, have gradually increased in value so much that the beginner is discouraged when prices are quoted. The same thing applies to the very early Smith & Wesson revolvers, but many of the Smith & Wesson revolvers are still sold at prices within reach of the beginner.

Bargains in Smith & Wesson revolvers are generally found in those models manufactured in 1880 or later. For example, Smith & Wesson Model .32 Double-Action, First Issue, which uses a cal. .32 S. & W. center-fire cartridge, and has a 3-inch, blued or nicked, round barrel, 5-shot, with a round steel butt having black hard-rubber grips, and a frame finished in either blue or nickel, usually retailed in 1963 for \$40 in good condition and \$60 in fine condition.

Collectors normally disregard the bore in describing condition unless they intend to fire the weapon, hence the interior of the barrel is not considered.

Some collectors like to fire antique weapons, but those guns having a high value are not fired by most collectors because they don't want to risk damage to their specimens.

Derringers, whether made by Henry Deringer, Jr., or by one of his many imitators, have a present average retail value of \$120 in good condition and \$180 in fine condition. Even at these prices, they are bargains, if genuine, but these prices seem high to beginners.

Freaks and oddities is a catch-all term for weapons difficult to classify under any other names. This group includes alarm guns, Apache pistols, bludgeon (club-handled) pistols, boot-leg pistols (made without a trigger guard to be carried in a boot or in a loop fastened to a boot), cane guns, dagger pistols, ladies' or muff pistols, palm pistols, pencil or fountain pen pistols, and similar variations from the normal firearm design. These are at present within the reach of the beginner. Many of these retail for about \$40 or less in good condition and \$60 or less in fine condition. A few sell for as low as \$10 or \$15. The only caution here is that many states have laws prohibiting the carrying of such weapons, even when the owner has a pistol permit.

ALTHOUGH collectors in the past emphasized pistols and revolvers, the comparatively small supply of genuine specimens has caused them to turn more to long arms. One of the most popular groups consists of those muskets, musketoons, rifles and carbines made by the United States at its National Armories or made by private contractors. These are called "U.S. Martial Shoulder Arms." Experimental or trial specimens and those used by troops not in the federal service are called "U.S. Secondary Martial Shoulder Arms." Those which were made as flintlocks, percussion weapons, and the early cartridge weapons are in such demand that many of them retail at prices ranging from \$120 to \$180 in good condition and from \$180 to \$270 in fine condition.

When the United States adopted the U.S. Rifle, 7.62 MM., Model 14, the armed forces announced that this weapon replaced the Colt Automatic Pistol, cal. .45, originally identified as Model 1911; the Thompson Submachine Gun, cal. .45; the Browning Automatic Rifle, affectionately known as the "B.A.R."; and the U.S. Rifle, cal. .30, M-1, popularly called the "Garand." The United States did not need to adopt the Model 14 for its own interests, but did this because the nations constituting the North Atlantic Treaty Organization wanted all the member nations to use the same cartridge. Contrary to popular opinion, there is no such thing as a NATO Rifle. Each nation adopts its own

rifle but chambers it to fire the 7.62 millimeter cartridge.

Although federal and state laws restrict the ownership, possession and use of certain weapons, the adoption of the Model 14 throws almost all previous U.S. weapons into the surplus arms market and here is where beginners can buy arms for a collection and even for target practice and hunting.

THE U.S. Magazine Rifle, Model 1892, Krag-Jorgensen, cal. .30, in its original, genuine state is worth \$140 in good and \$210 in fine condition. When converted, with a magazine cutoff al-



"Watch that sharp rock . . . get over to your right . . . try putting the pick in your other hand . . ."

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

tered to indicate whether the magazine is functioning or not, and with "1896" stamped on the stock, it is known as U.S. Magazine Rifle, Model 1896, cal. .30 and is worth \$50 in good and \$75 in fine condition, regardless of the bore condition. If you shop around, dealers in surplus martial arms may sell one in good shooting condition at even lower prices.

The U.S. Magazine Rifle, Model 1903, cal. .30, generally called the Springfield, in good shooting condition is worth from \$50 to \$75, but surplus arms dealers are also selling this at lower prices. However, if you can find one made especially for firing at the National Matches, with a pistol-type grip, it is worth \$80 to \$130 depending upon condition.

The U.S. Rifle, Model 1917, cal. .30 (Enfield), in good shooting condition, is worth from \$40 to \$60, but you can buy excellent specimens from surplus arms dealers for less.

The U.S. Rifle, Model 1936, M-1,

cal. .30, (Garand) is worth from \$60 to \$90, depending upon condition, and is another martial arm you can buy for less than the prices quoted here, if you shop around.

THE U.S. Revolver, Model 1917, cal. .45, whether made by Colt or by Smith & Wesson, is worth \$50 to \$75, depending upon condition, but there are opportunities to pick up bargains if you read the advertisements in magazines and visit dealers in surplus martial arms.

The Colt Government Model of 1911 Automatic Pistol, cal. .45, in its original version is worth from \$80 to \$120 as a collector's item, disregarding shooting condition. If it is marked "Model of 1911 U.S. Marine Corps," it is worth \$100 to \$150, disregarding shooting condition.

In addition to the thousands of U.S. Martial Shoulder Arms and U.S. Martial Pistols and Revolvers dumped on the market as surplus, there are guns that many veterans brought back as souvenirs — the martial arms of England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, and Japan. Those who did not come home with foreign arms can buy them at ridiculously low prices from the surplus arms dealers who advertise in magazines and newspapers. Antique gun dealers as a group do not sell these weapons because the guns are regarded as modern or semi-modern, but this is the reason you can use such firearms to start a fine collection either for your American Legion Post or for your own home.

One good example is the Italian Carbine which fires the 6.5mm. Italian military cartridges. This retails on the surplus arms market for less than \$20 in good shooting condition and when equipped with the original Italian sniper's telescopic sight, it retails for about \$20 to \$30.

If you're buying firearms from war surplus dealers for a collection, you have no problem, but if you're buying such weapons for hunting or target practice, take them to a good gunsmith for examination, thus making certain that they are safe to fire. War surplus dealers sell arms "as is" and if you suffer personal damage, there is little or no recourse.

Martial arms, especially the martial arms of the United States, are the "guns of glory." They have been used to make and preserve this nation as a free and independent republic. The wood and iron in these arms are worth only a few cents but the story behind their design, manufacture and use in battle cannot be measured in terms of money. Know your guns, but also know the story behind them. Therein lies the true value of firearms for a personal or an American Legion Post collection.

THE END

"I SAW CUBA BETRAYED"

(Continued from page 11)

arm around me, and said, "Sergio, you have done well. You are to be my first ambassadorial appointment. I am naming you my Ambassador to England."

This was a surprise of the first magnitude to me. I was to play a part for Cuba on the world stage. It was perhaps my greatest opportunity to help my country.

BEFORE GOING TO Great Britain, I had a chance to see Castro close up. I traveled with him to Venezuela and back. The more I saw, the more apprehensive for Cuba I became.

He would storm hysterically sometimes, at something I or someone else said. The next instant, he would come over and throw his arm around me. "You are right, Sergio. You are a good friend whom I trust."

In a room crowded with advisors, he would move from one conversation to another, throwing in a word here or there, now of approval, now of cutting derision. Or he would go into long silences, and sit and listen, saying nothing, a wild dreamlike stare in his eyes.

When angry, I have seen him stamp his feet, cry out like an enraged boy of ten, throw himself on a hotel bed and wrap himself in the sheets like some crazed creature.

I have also seen him spit on the floors and on the fine rugs of the Cuban Embassy in Washington, as well as on the floors of some of the best Central American hotels.

One example of his erratic behavior came on his trip to Venezuela. There were some 40 gleaming black limousines in the entourage of diplomats during his triumphal tour of Caracas.

Suddenly, Fidel spied a sidewalk dining stand with a large sign reading, in Spanish: *Mondongo de Toro Negro* (Black Bull Tripe). Many people do not like this dish, but Fidel, with the curiosity of a child, stopped the car and stepped out.

The whole entourage of formally attired diplomats and high army and navy officials had to halt, and the men get out of the cars and crowd up to the counter where they ate dripping portions of tripe with the new master of Cuba, who personally swallowed enough for a dozen diplomats.

Since Fidel's ascent to power our relationship with the British was increasingly important. The British had supported Batista, and there was strong feeling against them. A boycott against their important oil investments was in full swing after our victory. Since I was his new Ambassador, we had many discussions on this problem lasting into the small hours, generally taking place at

Castro's quarters in the Havana Hilton.

The boycott was keeping many Cuban workers out of jobs, and there was pressure on Fidel to ease up. "They say the revolution is over, we are the winners, and now we should be friends with England," Fidel told me one night. "What is your idea about that, Sergio?"

I said that it was a tricky and important problem. "But it is one we must come to grips with now, Fidel."

"So?" he said. "But the British are



"Now here's a petite little gunboat."

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

tricky, too, and they dealt with traitors, with the worms we have had to fight and stamp out."

I didn't know whether one of his storms was about to erupt, but I still had to tell him what I believed best. "You must make up your mind, Fidel," I said. "Either break with England—or be friends. We can't have it both ways, boycott on one hand, friendly relations on the other."

His head nodded up and down with sudden eager little movements. "Yes, Sergio—yes. But what do you suggest?"

I told him; "I think you should meet with the British Ambassador and talk with him, man to man. Just talk the whole thing out, tell him what you feel, see if we can arrive at some accord."

"I like that," Fidel said. "Sergio, you do this. Arrange a meeting with him tomorrow at 7 p.m. at the British Embassy. You will go with me."

I called the embassy to make plans. Dr. Castro would be there at 7 p.m. to meet with Ambassador Fordham. The embassy appeared delighted. I called Fidel. He told me to meet him at the

Havana Hilton at 6 p.m. sharp. We would go together.

When I arrived at 6 p.m. the plans were all changed. We would go not to the British but to the Brazilian Embassy.

En route, I asked about our date with the British. "Never mind," Fidel told me. "They can wait."

"Fidel, they are expecting us at 7 p.m."

"Call them," he said, "if you want to."

From the Brazilian Embassy, I notified them that—as Fidel had suggested—we would be delayed half an hour at most.

The delay was somewhat longer than expected. It was after 1 a.m. when we arrived at the British Embassy.

It was obvious that Fidel feared some kind of cloak-and-dagger act against him. We went to the embassy in three cars. Fidel and I rode in the middle car, with black limousines behind and ahead of us, crammed with men and machineguns at ready.

SLOPPY, ill-kempt, unwashed, Cuba's leader went to the door of the embassy. I was at his side. He informed the Ambassador, who came to the door to greet us, that the meeting could not take place in the embassy after all.

"You will come with us," Fidel ordered. "In the car."

Ambassador Stanley Fordham agreed to these extraordinary conditions. He got into the back seat of the limousine, wedged in between Fidel and me.

Our caravan started off. The three vehicles raced through the streets of Havana and the suburban roads at speeds of 60 and 70 mph. It was a careening, screeching nightmare of brakes and near collisions, through the darkened streets, over pitch-black roads.

Fidel was engrossed in his discussion with the Ambassador. He told Ambassador Fordham that he would not consider any agreement unless and until Britain paid reparations for damages it had helped to inflict on Cuba.

"You furnished arms to our enemies, arms Batista used against us, oil to drive Batista's tanks. You sided with him."

"But you have won your revolution," the Ambassador protested.

Castro heaped on his abuse. "You will pay, you and your oil companies, you will pay for what you have done to us, to the people of Cuba."

The Ambassador tried another tack, "I am authorized, Dr. Castro, to come to terms so that the boycott of these companies and investments in which we are interested will be lifted. We believe it is in the best interests of you and us."

Fidel grew philosophic. "When a large country humbles itself to a smaller

country, it gains in size," he said, his tone completely changed. "When a small country humbles itself, it only grows smaller. It is up to England."

"In what way," asked the Ambassador.

Fidel said, "Ambassador, I want \$250,000 in reparations. I want your oil companies to build new housing for our workers—at their expense. I want all needed repairs on the refineries made at once."

The British Ambassador argued that this would involve tremendous sums. Fidel brushed his objections aside. The Ambassador finally said, "All right. I will see what can be done."

The British were paying a high price for this accord. They shook hands in the car.

Immediately, Fidel ordered the cars to halt. It was now 2:30 a.m. We screeched to a stop on a darkened highway 15 miles outside of the city. Fidel opened the door. "Take the Ambassador back to town in the other car, Sergio," he said.

We got out of the limousine. The door slammed shut and the car roared off. The Ambassador and I stood a moment on the dark road, in the cool of the Cuban night.

After an instant, Fordham sighed and commented quietly, "A most unusual interview."

We walked back to the rear car with its machineguns in the front seat, and returned the Ambassador to the comparative calm of the British Embassy.

THE ERRATIC actions of Castro after he assumed power alarmed me and many of my associates in the new government. Extremists, well-known fellow travelers and other dangerous elements were being elevated to positions of power. I and others began to prepare to fight them. We saw the confiscation of all property without legal justification. We saw the firing squads operating around the clock.

It was true that many of those executed at "the wall"—even though their trials were inexcusable farces—were, in fact, men who had tortured and murdered thousands during the Batista terror. But the lack of legal protection was an increasingly terrifying fact.

At the same time, Fidel still paid lip service to democracy, and in his new government hundreds of those who supported him and held office were themselves noncommunist and many were anti-communist.

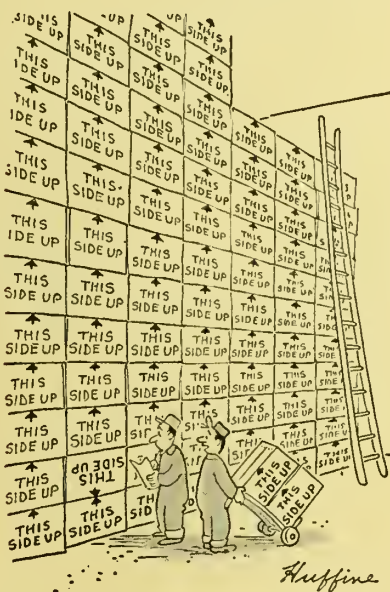
Fidel assured them and me that as soon as it was feasible, free elections would be held. Months later, he came out with a new slogan, "Elections—for what?"

I decided to go on fighting for liberty within the Fidelist government as long

as I had some support from those around me.

When I was sent to Europe in February 1959, to fill my post as Ambassador to Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, Fidel also handed me a couple of added assignments: I was to go along with a mission to Belgium to buy 25,000 ultra-modern automatic rifles and 75 million rounds of ammunition.

Also—would I drop over to Switzerland with the mission and pick up \$5 million in a numbered account held in a Swiss bank for the former Cuban Ambassador to Switzerland and his one-time boss—Batista?



"A thing like that can ruin my whole day."

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

This arms purchase was a real example of the "big lie" technique. At home, Fidel was telling the people we no longer needed the burden of arms; he had lifted that from Cuba's weary shoulders. Army barracks would be converted into schools. "Arms—for what?" was his slogan at that time.

But, then, why was our mission being sent over to buy 75 million rounds of ammunition?

I told a companion on our Atlantic crossing on the S.S. *United States*, "I believe we are building a monster which will destroy us all."

But we carried out our mission. We bought the weapons and then dropped over to the office of Credit Suisse of Bern. After some discussion with Batista's Ambassador to Switzerland, I got him to agree to turn over the \$5 million to the new regime.

We gave him a letter acknowledging that the money had been returned and praising him for his patriotic behavior. A few months later, Castro ordered confiscated everything this man had in Cuba.

That money went not to rebuild Cuba,

nor for any agrarian program—but for those guns and bullets we had purchased in Belgium.

Following this \$5 million errand, I went over to England with my wife and daughter and, on March 11, 1959, presented my credentials to Her Majesty. Riding to Buckingham Palace in a carriage of state to meet the Queen was a thrilling experience. She was quite gracious, told me she had seen me the night before on television and added, "You were really very good, Ambassador Rojas."

Her words and manner were a touch of graciousness out of a world I had almost forgotten.

Barely two weeks after my arrival, the communists made a new move in my direction. I had a phone call from the Polish Embassy. The Ambassador wished to pay me a call. He would like to bring the Czechoslovakian Ambassador with him. "It is a matter of immediate importance," I was told.

I SET THE meeting for the next day. The two men were friendly, smiling, diplomatically correct. They were also making an obvious attempt to buy the Cuban government.

The Polish Ambassador said, "We are here to offer the Cuban people's government a credit of \$100 million."

I replied, "That is a most extraordinary offer."

"There are no strings whatever," the Czech added. "No conditions, beyond the fact that Cuba is to receive this credit."

"Exactly," the other man put in. "If your Dr. Castro accepts, it is only a matter of the mechanical details by which your country can avail itself of this credit."

One hundred million dollars—for absolutely nothing!

I had no authority to reject out of hand this communist payoff attempt. I sent a cable in code about this offer and received a reply in code: "JOIN CASTRO GROUP WASHINGTON DC AT ONCE."

The following day, I flew to Washington. Castro was in the United States to address the National Press Club. I reported to Castro what the two Ambassadors had offered us. Fidel listened absently. When I was finished he said, "All right. All right, Sergio. Now leave this offer with me."

I never heard a word further about it.

But I knew now how urgently the reds were trying to buy us.

Some months later, the chargé d'affaires from Communist China came in to see me. He was obsequious, mild, offered us economic help anytime we needed it, invited me to visit China as the guest of Chou En-lai, and warned me with warm red camaraderie, "Be very

careful. Your phone is tapped constantly by the British."

In May 1959, the Cuban agrarian reform laws were put through. Commu-
nistic in concept, they were carried out
with all the demagoguery of full-fledged
red techniques. It was after this that I
began to have conversations with other
officials—and other Ambassadors.

ONE NIGHT at the beginning of 1960,
at a dinner held by the Costa Rican
Ambassador, I discussed openly the
Cuban situation. I told the British Un-
der-Secretary of Foreign Relations for
Latin America, in front of the Costa
Rican and the Peruvian Ambassadors,
that the Cuban government and the
Cuban revolution were of a commu-
nist nature and that the West had to do
something about it.

In the meantime, the red tide rolled
through the foggy serenity of England.
I saw Cuban leaders come to London
and go on into the Iron Curtain coun-
tries. I saw the communist tinge grow
into a crimson smear.

One night my wife heard a noise on
the floor above in the embassy residence
where our offices were located. She went
very quietly upstairs, opened the door,
and found one of the members of my
staff, a woman named Perla Vazquez,
going over my papers and my private
files. We discovered that she was a mem-
ber of the Communist Party working for
the Cuban Secret Police as the London
representative of the Cuban G-2.

Through another agent, also a mem-
ber of the Communist Party, she was in
contact with African and Jamaican com-

munists. I reported all these activities to
the British Secret Service.

I saw Dr. Ernesto Guevara, the Ar-
gentine physician and communist inter-
national agent, become economic czar
of my Cuba.

When that happened—in November
1959—a group of Ambassadors in
Europe, including myself, considered a
mass resignation as a form of protest.
We did not go through with this plan
because some felt the idea was prema-
ture.

At Christmastime that year, I had a
visitor for 15 days at the embassy—the
Cuban Army Inspector General, Wil-
liam Galvez. I noted that his reading
material consisted of communist books
and tracts.

Galvez went from London on a tour
of the red lands, including visits with
Mao Tse-tung in China; Gromyko in
Russia; the later-to-be-slain Kassem,
then red boss of Iraq; Ho Chi Minh of
North Vietnam and other well publi-
cized reds in Europe and Asia.

On his return he was full of all the
wonders of these lands. "Tomorrow's
history," he proclaimed, "is in the hands
of the communists."

"In their bloody hands," I answered
angrily.

Galvez regarded me with a narrow-
ing look of concern. "What did you
say?" he asked quietly. I did not answer.
He went on, "And what made you say
it?"

"You mean you believe in them, in
their way—for us?"

"Of course I believe in their way," he
said flatly. "Of course, of course."

I was furious. I loved my country. I
was no part of a communist group who
would turn our nation and its institu-

tions over to the enemies of all freedom,
and all humanity.

"Who the devil are you," I demanded,
"you and Fidel and Guevara, to impose
a communist revolution and dictatorship
on the Cuban people?"

We had a violent argument there in
the embassy. There were several wit-
nesses. I told him that my freedom as a
Cuban and as a man who had done as
much as he for the revolution gave me
the right to say what I thought. "Neither
you," I said, "nor anyone else can stifle
that right."

"You are a reactionary, an enemy of
the revolution," he shouted at me.

When Galvez returned to Cuba a few
days later, I learned that he filed a com-
plete report in which he stated, "Rojas
is a dangerous agent of Yankee and
British imperialism and must be re-
moved."

Alone in the embassy that night in
May 1960, after Galvez had flown off
for Havana, I began to consider the
scope, the gigantic error which we—the
freedom-loving people of Cuba—had
made.

I went over the fantastic episodes of
this fantastic schizophrenic regime. The
harangues, the endless speeches, the
continuing use of repetitious phrases—
"landowners," "exploiters," "counter-
revolutionaries," "oligarchies" and a
hundred others. The hysteria, the fits,
the mania for personal power, the sa-
distic collective cry of *Paredon!* (The
wall!) for those who dared to disagree.

IT WAS the new Hitler on his rise to
power.

I could no longer continue to com-
pound this colossal mistake.

Two days later I went to the Ameri-
can Embassy and talked with Ambassa-
dor John Hay Whitney. I told him my
situation. We discussed—as two plain
human beings with a problem—my best
course of action.

"I do not see how you can continue
working for Castro, feeling as you do,"
he stated. "I think also you should give
the world a chance to see Castro's re-
gime as it really is."

I concurred completely. I discussed
the situation with a few other trusted
colleagues, and made my decision.

I would resign my post. But not in
London. I would return to Havana and
dare the government to take an anti-
communist stand, clearly and unequiv-
ocally. And if it didn't, I would make my
statement and my resignation.

To protect myself, I wrote the state-
ment and signed it in front of the Vene-
zuelan and Ecuadorian Ambassadors to
Great Britain. Both also signed it as
witnesses.

In this statement, I set forth certain
conditions that had to be fulfilled or I
would resign not only my post as Am-



"Frankly, you're not going to be easy to place!"

bassador but also all other posts in the Cuban government.

My basic condition was, that the Cuban government must answer one simple question: Was it or was it not allowing itself to be used as a tool of the world tyranny called communism?

If it was not, then let it say so in a public statement to the international press agencies of all the world. Otherwise, I would resign because I could not serve a communist government.

I was aware that there was personal danger in my plan and I moved with careful consideration of every step. I had five copies of my letter. I gave four of them to the Venezuelan and Ecuadorian Ambassadors, to be forwarded to the British Foreign Office, the international press agencies, the Organization of American States and the United Nations. The original I carried with me.

I left my wife and child in London. Through friends, my mother was brought safely out of Cuba back to Caracas.

I flew back from London to Havana for the showdown.

On arriving, I immediately got in touch with the highest three Cuban officials—Cuban President Osvaldo Dorticós Torrado, Foreign Minister Raúl Roa and Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs Carlos Olivares Sánchez, presently Ambassador to Russia.

At the offices of Raúl Roa I showed them my statement. I also explained about the other copies, who had them and to whom they would be sent if anything happened to me.

Dorticós shrugged and told me, "Go back to your hotel and wait, Ambassador. We will get in touch with you about all this."

I RETURNED TO the Havana Hilton and almost at once received a phone call from someone in the Minister's office. "Get out at once," I was told. "There is an order for your arrest. It is a matter of minutes. Your life will be forfeit."

Within minutes, I was out of the hotel. I had no time to take anything. I ducked up side streets to the house of a friend. From there, under cover of night, I was hustled to other houses in the city. For the next 48 hours I lived in a melodrama of flight from Fidel's secret agents.

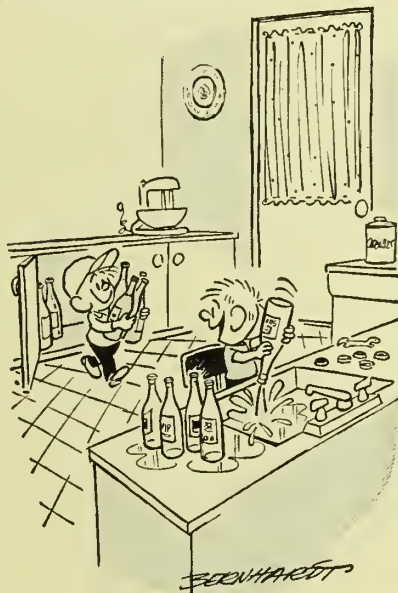
I was like an animal, crawling, scudding through the shadows of my own city, hiding in hallways and basements and behind packing crates on the docks, living like a hunted murderer, to avoid arrest and certain execution before tomorrow morning's firing squad.

For two days and nights I lived this fugitive life, shuttling from one hiding place to another, one secret group of friends to another, one apartment to another, until at last, with the help of

the Salvadorian consul—who drove me through the gates in his own personal car—I reached the Argentine Embassy safely. There I requested and was given political asylum.

The Castro regime at that time still honored this international convention. Fidel later tossed it aside and seized by force any who sought to escape Cuba's new brand of justice.

For 65 days I remained at bay inside that embassy. I began to be a thorn in the side of Castro's new order. Everyone knew I was there. Fidel did not dare send his agents in to seize me.



"That should give us enough deposit money to go to the movies."

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Eventually they gave me a safe conduct out. I had \$2 in my pocket the day I left—every cent they allowed me to take.

I flew to Caracas where I had friends—and my mother. From there, under the protocol of my safe conduct, I went on to Argentina. Then to the United States and on to London. Seeing my wife and child again was one of the most stirring moments I can recall.

For me—all the pieces of the puzzle of evil were in place.

I saw clearly that Castro not only had betrayed and dishonored the national movement that brought him to power, but he had become a threat to the security of the world.

When he said that he would only negotiate with the Americans the day he sits in the White House, he meant it. Does it sound like a wild, insane boast? It is. But so were Hitler's sayings. All of my studies in West Germany convince me that these two men, their lives, their courses, their ambitions are identical.

Castro is not only a reader of communist literature, but is also an admirer of *der fuhrer* and a student of

"Mein Kampf." He learned well a favorite passage from that book: "The masses of the people prefer the ruler to the suppliant and are filled with a stronger sense of mental security by a teaching that brooks no rival than by a teaching that offers them a liberal choice...."

THEY ARE ALIKE, these two. Alike in their illegitimate birth, their paranoid hatreds, their limitless lust for power, their hysterical rages, their Messianic complexes. Like Hitler at his early *Putsch* trial, Castro, at the trial following his Santiago failure, cried out in Hitler's very words, "Condemn me! History will acquit me!"

The peril of Fidel Castro, backed by Soviet armed might, is fully as dangerous to the world today as that of Adolf Hitler 30 years past.

This is what the world must realize today. It cannot afford a second mistake.

One cannot despair. One cannot surrender. Living in West Germany today, I see freedom reborn and thriving in the land once held captive by Hitler. It can also happen again in Cuba. I have dedicated my life and efforts to that purpose.

I was one of those who took part in the ill-fated Bay of Pigs invasion. That gallant effort failed.

But we will keep on, we will never give up until our Cuba is free again.

And Castro lives in fear. His prisons are filling up with former friends. Men who saved his life—like Captain Yanez Pelletier, who refused to put poison in Castro's food—are now in prison; men who made the victory possible rot in dungeons, solely because they will not embrace communism.

Out of the evil Castro does to our people today he lays the foundation for their freedom—and for his own downfall—tomorrow. His name is already written on the wall, as an assassin of free men, as a traitor to his country.

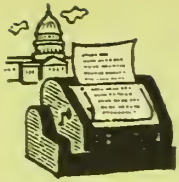
But one sees the full depth of a man's evil sometimes not in his great but in his more obscure crimes.

After the Fidelist victory, one of Castro's good friends, Dr. Humberto Sorí Marín, his former Minister of Agriculture, was in prison in Havana, condemned to die against the wall for anti-communist activity. His mother appealed to Castro personally to save him. Castro told her, "I will save him if you can convince him to tell us the names of his associates."

The mother pleaded with her son, but he remained firm in his refusal to reveal the names of friends who would themselves be doomed.

Castro not only permitted the execution to take place, he instructed the firing squad to shoot first at the lower legs of this longtime friend—so that he would have to bend his knees before he died.

THE END



DATELINE WASHINGTON

THE STAKE IN VIETNAM DRIVE ON ORGANIZED CRIME

As the war in South Vietnam ebbs and flows, and the death toll of Americans slowly rises, a recurring question nags Washington...Why is the United States in Vietnam...on the other side of the world, in a land bordering the South China Sea?

To the U.S. Government, the strategic importance of South Vietnam is plain...The loss of this strip of land, controlling the mouth of the Mekong River, would place all of Southeast Asia in mortal danger...But there are larger reasons why the defense of South Vietnam is vital to us and the free world...We cannot be indifferent to the fate of 14,000,000 people who have fought hard against communism for nearly ten years, says Secretary of State Dean Rusk. After the reds grabbed North Vietnam from the French in 1954, few expected faction-riddled, poverty-stricken, refugee-flooded South Vietnam to survive more than several months in the face of communist pressure...but, under the much-criticized President Diem, it did survive...Five years ago, President Eisenhower decided to help South Vietnam and sent economic aid, a military training mission, and weapons...Two years ago, when the reds in the North ordered an all-out drive to "liberate" South Vietnam, President Kennedy responded promptly to a call for increased assistance.

Our role in South Vietnam is limited but essential...We provide technical, logistical, training, and advisory assistance...with some 12,000 officers and men who are "among our finest"...Ten other nations are helping in one way or another...The enemy is well organized, determined and elusive, and the war is expected to last a long time...but the Administration feels there is a good basis, despite disappointments and setbacks, for encouragement...The official United States position is that we cannot and will not abandon a brave people to those who are out to bury us and every other free nation of the world.

Justice Department is coordinating the work of 26 U.S. investigative agencies as part of the all-out drive against organized crime...The last Congress passed three new laws to help enforcement officers...This legislative assist permitted the FBI to initiate more than 5,000 gambling cases...Gambling is the source of enormous profits which support other forms of racketeering, according to Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy...The coordinated drive has resulted in centralizing information on more than 1100 racketeering figures...The Attorney General is pleased with the progress...conviction involving 138 racketeers...but feels that the federal crusade has several years to go if it is to have any lasting effect against organized crime.

PEOPLE AND QUOTES:

HUNGER

"Hunger makes smaller men of people with bigger potential." **S. R. Krishnaswamy**, secretary-general, World Food Congress.

JUVENILE DISCIPLINE

"...I would not be for corporal punishment in the school, but I would be for a very strong discipline at home so we don't place an unfair burden on our teachers." President **John F. Kennedy**.

BUREAUCRACY

"Somehow the best intentions of dedicated and hard working civil servants are undermined by a departmental attitude that steadfastly maintains: 'We can do no wrong.'" Senator **Abraham Ribicoff**, Democrat, Connecticut, former HEW administrator.

NEW LAXITY

"...scientists are too well liked... As a result there is a tendency toward complacency and scientists are no longer as critical of each other or as intolerant of shoddy work as they once were." Dr. **Philip H. Abelson**, director, Carnegie Geophysical Laboratory.

THE FAIR SEX

"In our country's history, the laws made by men have traditionally regarded women as the weaker sex. But in our country today, no man who makes the laws lives under any such illusion." Vice President **Lyndon B. Johnson**.

THE UNSUNG GI

"...at home the achievements of the American Soldier are often ignored or perhaps taken for granted... We laud the American Scholar, the American Businessman, the American Scientist... but it rarely occurs to us to boast of the American Soldier." General **Maxwell D. Taylor**, chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff.

AMERICA'S PART-TIME TREE FARMERS

(Continued from page 19)

from his tree farm have gone into construction or remodeling of churches in the Prices Fork Lutheran Parish of which Poff is pastor.

POFF WAS BORN on a small hill farm in Floyd County and followed in the footsteps of his father, who was known throughout the western Virginia mountain region as a fine woodworker. As a small boy, Emzy, as he was called, helped his father with repairs around the farm. Later, he worked on local construction jobs and became proficient in carpentry, and stone and brick masonry.

While Emzy was still a youngster, his father bought, for \$1,400, an abandoned farm with 48 acres of tillable land which had seeded into white pine "brush" from the scattered trees that were around it. When Emzy's father died, his holdings were divided among his heirs, who had a choice of taking either money or an equal share in land. The future minister chose the latter.

"That was probably one of the best decisions I ever made," said Poff. "Tree farming may take time, but it is a profitable venture once the trees start paying off." He should know—for at present he is reaping a harvest from 24 acres of 50-year-old trees on his 48-acre tree farm. Income is \$337 per acre.

Poff's interest in tree farming dates back to 1940 when he inherited the farm. Through some faulty advice, he clear-cut a small area. "After seeing that deplorable sight," he recalls, "I knew that couldn't be good forest management and stopped cutting."

Of Poff's acres, 24 are in eastern white pine, seven in cull hardwood that has either been cut out or poisoned and has reseeded. (Poison is injected into a tree to kill it so that it does not shade out and suppress the young pine trees.) A ten-acre field is set out in white pine, and seven acres remain in pasture and homesite. To date, he has selectively thinned approximately 100 trees per acre on one-third of the total stand.

On one eight-acre plot, he cut 872 trees. Most of the timber that remains standing is now worth \$440 per acre. According to the minister-farmer, the total harvest since 1943 has amounted to 185,000 board feet of logs sawed into lumber. Six cuts have been made on the farm—one the clearcut operation mentioned before, one the removal of over-mature "seed trees," two small salvage operations, one thinning, and one small cut for pine fence posts.

"Before my father purchased the farm," Poff said, "this entire stretch of land was covered with corn, with the exception of a few big native eastern white pines that later supplied the natural

seeding for today's crop. Only wish I'd had the foresight then to get some backing and buy up large acreages. There's money in it."

Ten acres of open land have been planted with white pine seedlings. Seedlings to plant the ten acres were purchased from the Virginia Division of Forestry at \$6.50 per thousand. Prior to this, Poff transplanted some 10,000 tiny trees from his own woods with about two-thirds survival.

"It took about 80 man hours to plant the 10,000 trees we dug up," Poff said. "This does not take into consideration the time it took to dig them up and transport them to the open field. It's not practical to transplant seedlings from the woods. The total expense comes to about twice as much as it does for planting seedlings from a forestry agency."

Poff's program calls for acquisition of a small sawmill to cut thinnings from the tree farm. Crop trees will be pruned to improve the quality of the growth. Records will be kept on all income, expense, and labor.

A tree farmer who's an example of successful planning for retirement to trees is C. A. Jacob, Jr. of Scarsdale, N. Y. Mr. Jacob is a 69-year-old man who retired seven years ago from the piano manufacturing business in New York City. He started preparing for his retirement more than 40 years ago by planting trees—more than 50,000 of them—over a score of years. Today, Jacob can look back with pride on the development of his 778-acre tree farm on the shores of Loon Lake, near Chertertown, N. Y. Although Jacob's tree farm is several hundred miles from his permanent home, he spends almost half the year there and also visits it at other times during the year.

Besides deriving great personal satisfaction from his tree farm, Jacob feels it's "a darn good investment." It virtually takes care of itself, Jacob declares, with planned timber harvests over the years paying the taxes and with enough left over to supplement his retirement income.

"There's nothing to compare with the thrill of owning a piece of forest land of your own," he says. "It's been wonderful planting the trees and watching them grow. I did some work but I didn't baby them too much, because trees don't need a lot of attention. The Lord did the rest."

A RETIRED army officer in his seventies, Capt. William E. Dolan of Solon, Maine, has made a 125-acre tree farm of old abandoned farms he purchased in Maine's Kennebec Valley.

"I enjoy the work and spend my spare

time in selective harvesting and improving my land by setting new trees in the old fields," he says. "There is considerable income from my cuttings and my land is improved every year."

"I'm just a young squirt over 70 and have three boys, all career men in the U.S. Army and Air Force like their dad. They're just as interested in forestry as I am and chances are that when they come out of the service, they will benefit by what the old man did."

Robert H. Lawton of Athol, Mass., who retired from the New England Telephone & Telegraph Co. in 1954, is the proud owner of a 740-acre tree farm. In 1958, Lawton was awarded a certificate of appreciation by the Massachusetts Forest Industries Committee.

A retired Detroit police officer, Ed Kozelski, of Manistee, Mich., started his 57-acre tree farm in Grant Township, Mich., in 1948, as a recreational investment. He started planting trees and before long had covered 40 acres with six different species. "Tree farming is a wonderful retirement plan," says Kozelski. "Winters we spend in fruit orchards in Florida and summers up here. There's always plenty of time left over from planting, shearing and pruning trees, so that fishing, and duck hunting aren't neglected."

AN INTERESTING Texas tree farm is that of Bob F. Pinkston, publisher of *The Champion*, the weekly newspaper at Center, Tex. He guides the destinies of the paper and of his pine timberland a few miles away, from behind the stub of an ever-present cigar. He insists that the pine is his own personal stock market.

"Actually, that's probably not a good comparison at all," explains the publisher. "I think that in this tree farm I've got something a lot better than stock, even if you don't consider anything other than dollars and cents—which is the only way to look at it if you're doing it for an investment. And I am."

"You can go to a stockbroker right now and purchase a share of stock for something like \$175, and next year you'll get \$9 in dividends. In simple interest, that's about 5%."

"In Texas the going rate for pulpwood is \$4 a cord and some of my better lands are growing two cords an acre a year now. That means they are already piling up nearly as much in growth dividends for me as that stock would—and they've only started. Before I turn my tree farm over to my three sons, it's all going to be \$9-a-year acreage."

Pinkston speaks convincingly about advantages of tree farming: "I believe I've gotten in on the ground floor of a good thing," he declares.

He first became interested in tree farming after seeing the results of intensive management in Germany during World War II. He bought his first property—a 20-acre tract with a lake and lodge—for recreational purposes shortly after his discharge from service in 1945.

He now owns seven tracts with 890 acres of wooded area, 110 acres of which he has planted or has had planted. During the past two years he has planted 102,000 shortleaf and loblolly pine seedlings. The harvest will be used to send his three sons to college.

TEXAS has many other spare time tree farmers. And in this state, as elsewhere, nearly every profession is represented in spare time tree farming. In Cherokee County, Judge J. W. Chandler of Jacksonville has 45 acres in trees; and not far away Miss Lila Williamson, a beauty shop operator of Wells, has 29 acres. J. D. Furrh, an Elysian Fields lawyer, has had a 320-acre tree farm in Harrison County for 14 years. R. T. Huebner, a rural mail carrier, has four acres in trees in Leon County.

Alabama, which leads in land devoted to tree farms with 6,251,735 acres, has many spare time entrepreneurs. Albert Shaw of Gorgas, a steam generator operator for the Alabama Power Co., bought 40 acres in 1955 and has been buying ever since. He now owns 1,100 acres of woodlands. A. W. Martin, a Brewton restaurant owner, has 15 acres of trees two miles north of that town. Fred N. Bruister of Butler, who has been tax collector of Choctaw County, owns a 270-acre tree farm east of Mt. Sterling.

John Madison, who served 26 months in the Army and saw action in New Guinea, quit his job as an auto mechanic to become a tree farmer. He and his wife, Veronica, used their savings to buy a 240-acre timber tract near Trout Lake, Wash., in the shadow of Mount Adams. There he has carried the “do-it-yourself” idea about as far as it can go.

The Madison’s tract had been logged but was amply stocked with timber, about half ponderosa pine and the rest fir and larch. Madison grew all the timber for a modern new frame home, harvested the trees, sawed them into lumber in his own one-man sawmill and built the house! His father-in-law, who lives with him, hand-split cedar bolts to make shingles for the roof. Some furniture for the new house also came from the tree farm via Madison’s workbench.

Madison found that he could harvest some 50,000 board feet annually without exceeding the volume of timber grown each year. Thus his management is on a sustained yield basis. He makes maximum use of each tree cut. Wood shavings from his planer go into the oow barn for bedding material. The barn

itself was built from timber grown and milled on the farm. Other leftovers are used as firewood. The Madisons and their daughter Sheila, 13, would not trade life on their tree farm for anything.

Sales of timber from their woodlots brought farmers \$187 million in 1959. As of February, 1963, American Forest Products Industries, Inc., had 25,126 farms with 60,459,876 acres in 48 states in its inspected and certified tree farm program, and expects to add about 2,800 more tree farms with over 3,000,000 additional acres by the end of 1963.

There are, of course, some hazards in tree farming. Forest fires are fewer and



“On such a beautiful morning, I almost feel bi-partisan.”

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

smaller each year, but still some careless smoker may flick a lighted match into your little woodlot. Despite new chemicals to deal with them, a wide variety of insects and maladies can kill or damage trees. And the mill down the road that is eager to buy any kind of logs today may not be there a few years hence when your seedlings mature. Still, the odds today favor the tree farmer, especially if he has a favorable location and outdoor skills.

The nation’s peak lumber production was back in 1909 when mills turned out 44 billion board feet. Since then the use of lumber has declined but the consumption of pulpwood has soared and hundreds of new wood products have been developed. The spread of cities, building of highways and establishment of parks has reduced commercially available timber, while science and a growing population have greatly increased the demand for it. Some 5,000 products worth \$23 billion a year come from our forests. Demand for these products, especially newsprint and other forms of paper, has soared sky-high in recent years, but has been met by a rapidly

expanding paper industry. And while we make better use of ours, we have only 7% compared to the Soviet bloc’s 26% of the world’s forest area.

TREES, OF COURSE, mean more than money to many people. They have been a favorite subject of poets. Joyce Kilmer, who was killed in action in World War I, is best remembered for the line “only God can make a tree,” in his poem “Trees.” Pearl Buck, a Nobel Prize winner in Literature, spent much of her life in barren parts of China. Since returning to America, she has become a tree farmer and is enthusiastic on the subject.

“On my tree farms in Vermont and Pennsylvania,” she writes, “I walk through the woods on rainy days and revel in the water soaking slowly into the earth through a deep mulch of leaves and pine needles and moss. Trees conserve water, and water is essential to our life, a fluid of priceless value.

“And I never cease to treasure the luxury of log fires in my house. I am not burning up valuable trees. I burn the surplus, the fallen logs, the trees that are not fit for marketing. I have such an abundance of firewood that my evenings at home are bright with warmth and light and comfort. While I sit by the fire, I remember my Chinese neighbors and I wish that I could share with them the benefits of trees. I hear that they are planting trees now on the bare flanks of the mountains. I hope it is so. Last year when I visited Korea, some of the mountains there were being planted to trees. Japan, of course, has long known the value of trees. There, when a tree is cut, another is planted.

“Yes, I value my forests. They provide good timber for sale, and wood for my home fires. They conserve water. They make productive use of my marginal land. They shelter wild animals, deer and bear, pheasants and rabbits and many other beasts and birds. And they are places of beauty, where wild flowers surprise me at every season. I think of a spot where, each year, the blue gentians grow. I think of it in moments of sadness, or of loneliness, and my soul revives.”

THE END

Additional information on tree farming and the names and addresses of state and local organizations can be obtained free from American Forest Products Industries, Inc., 1816 N St. NW, Washington, D. C., 20006.

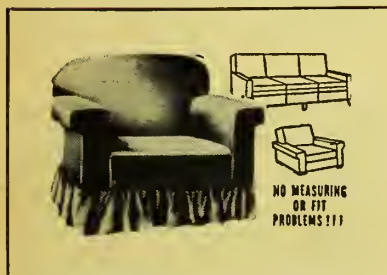
A 1962 Department of Agriculture publication, Farmer’s Bulletin No. 2187, “Managing the Family Forest” by Gordon G. Mark and Robert S. Dimmick of the Forest Service, is available at 20 cents from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., 20025.

THE END

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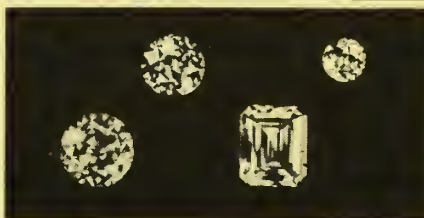


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CANADIAN VACATION LANDS: Full price \$385.00. 40 acres, \$10 month. Suitable cottage sites, hunting, fishing, investment. Free information. **Land Corporation**, 3768-F Bathurst, Downsview, Ontario, Canada.

TOBACCO

AMERICAN INDIAN TOBACCO — High quality — original Indian formula, 3-type sampler \$1.40. **Kinni-Kinnick (A)** Meriden, Conn.

SCHOOLS & INSTRUCTION

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH SCHOOL at home in spare time with 66-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. **American School**, Dept. X72, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

ELECTRONICS RADIO TELEVISION. Learn at home. Get catalog free. **National Radio Institute**, Dept. 3KM8, Washington 16, D.C.

INVENTIONS WANTED

INVENTIONS wanted; patented, unpatented. **Global Marketing Service**, 2420-L 77th, Oakland 5, California.

NEED MONEY?
BORROW \$100 to \$1000 BY MAIL

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Amount of Loan	12 Monthly Payments
\$120	\$7.09
\$250	\$14.76
\$450	\$25.91
\$850	\$36.14
\$1000	\$53.17

WORLD FINANCE CO. Dept. PW-143
620 Symes Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
Age..... Occupation.....

PARTING SHOTS



"Stop annoying Sue, or I'll beat you within one ten-thousandth of an inch of your life!"

WAY OUT TALE

A nine-year-old boy, who had been told the facts of life by his mother and father, was talking with another youngster one day and their topic of conversation turned to where babies came from.

"Well," said the informed youngster, "I know where babies come from. My folks told me. Your father and mother send a radio message to God and put in their order for either a baby girl or a baby boy, then God puts the baby in a rocket ship and they have a count-down and then the rocket ship blasts off and travels to the earth. It lands in a hospital and that's where your mother goes to get the baby."

"Is that really the way your folks told you?" asked his little friend.

"Not exactly," admitted the first boy. "But if I told it *their* way, you'd never believe it!"

DAN BENNETT

SPLIT LEVEL MORTGAGE

Mr. Lawson, at his wife's insistence, had purchased a home on a hilltop in a very exclusive section of the community.

"Gosh," said a friend, "I'll bet there's quite a view from 'way up there."

"Yeah," was Mr. Lawson's grim reply. "On a clear day you can see the bank that holds the mortgage."

F. G. KERNAN

REQUEST DENIED

The newly commissioned ensign had just been married and was anxious to spend as many weekends as possible with his young bride before the Navy sent him on maneuvers. Pleading with his skipper for a weekend pass, he pointed out all the reasons why the Navy should grant his request, emphasizing that it would be utterly unfair to his wife if he wasn't given a leave. The skipper listened patiently, then snorted:

"Listen, young fellow, if the Navy wanted you to have a wife, they would have issued you one."

EMIL BERGER

NEW DEFINITION

Dieter: abdominal no-man.

H. E. MARTZ

VISITING HOUR

The patient in 516

Is peacefully pounding her ear
When guests arrive on the scene,
Bearing gifts and words of cheer.

They puff on a black cigar.
They jiggle the bed. They shriek:
"The kids just smashed your car.
Joan died right here, last week."

The patient twitches and glowers.
The guests leave, feeling dandy,
And the nurses take out the flowers
And the nurses eat the candy.

ETHEL JACOBSON

TOO TRUE

As you grow older you don't have to
avoid temptation, temptation avoids you.

JACK HERBERT

BIG GOVERNMENT

There is free cheese in every trap.
But note well, if you please,
No one has seen one happy mouse,
Which ever ate that cheese.

GAIL BROOK BURKET

COY TOY

There's a beatnik doll on the market.
You wind it up and it doesn't work.

PHILIP THOMAS

THAT'LL BE THE 'LL OF IT

Who'll be wondering "Where'll we go,
And what'll we do, vacation?"
Well, I'll bet I'll and you'll—and so
Will the rest of the population.
And who'll come back with a lack of jack
All spent on a lavish scale?
Who'll? Why, You'll and I'll and We'll
And He'll and She'll
And (this means everyone) They'll!

DIRCK POORE

ADVICE TO THE LADIES

One way for a girl to whip up a boy's
interest is to give him a good eye-lashing.

CLIFF UHLIG



"They follow it up to the boat, laughing themselves sick—then you reach out and net 'em."



Here's how The Great Entertainer captures an audience*

When a whiskey tastes as good as 7 Crown it makes more friends than any other liquor in the world.

It also makes more kinds of drinks. (Versatility, too, is the mark of a Great Entertainer.)

Four 7 Crown specialties are in view. On the left, the Manhattan highball. Next to it is that national institution,

7 Crown and Seven-Up.

On the table is the Whiskey Sour. On the right is the flavor secret of all good whiskey drinks—7 Crown itself (on the rocks).

These are just a few 7 Crown pleasures to serve your friends. Meanwhile, stage a private preview. You'll become a fan of The Great Entertainer.

Say Seagram's and be Sure



*MANHATTAN HIGHBALL: 2 PARTS 7 CROWN, 1 PART VERMOUTH (SWEET OR HALF-DRY/HALF-SWEET); POUR OVER ICE, SODA TO FILL. WHISKEY SOUR: ¾ OZ LEMON JUICE, 1½ OZS 7 CROWN, 1 TSP. SUGAR, SHAKE WITH CRACKED ICE. 7 CROWN & SEVEN-UP: 1½ OZS. 7 CROWN OVER ICE, ADD SEVEN-UP TO FILL.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

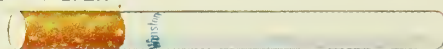


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Winston tastes good
like a cigarette should!